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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The flanking movement upon the left of the Allies in France has been carried almost into Belgium. The enemy continually meets it correlatively, so that the former battle line of the Aisne has now been left far behind the really serious fighting. Meantime, Antwerp is in pressing and instant peril. The Belgian Government left for Ostend on Wednesday and the city was made ready to receive the German bombardment. The Belgian troops have fought desperately to postpone the actual investment of Antwerp. In a fine effort on Wednesday they contrived to baulk two furious attempts of the German troops to cross the Scheldt.

The investment of Antwerp could not, however, be postponed; and there is no doubt that the city already suffers heavily. The Germans have broken through the outer ring of forts. Antwerp is now bombarded from the field and from the air, the citizens fleeing, where they can, into Dutch territory. The bombarding of Antwerp, with its many treasures, would in any case be a heavy spectacle. In present circumstances no detail of horror and pain is spared. The city is crowded with civil population, who in many cases have found in Antwerp their last foothold upon native soil. Its fall for Belgium would be the last reverse of a noble nation. For the Allies there is at any rate one consoling reflection. The Germans are bombarding Antwerp where they expected to be bombarding Paris. We must hope to the last that, as Paris was saved by a happy turn of the field, so Antwerp may also be spared. But the time is short. The Western campaign, pushed almost to the North Sea and already impinging upon the Belgian frontier, still hangs indecisively. An undoubted victory here would almost immediately relieve Antwerp from the German attack. The possibility of this fully justifies the heroic resistance now being offered by the Belgian garrison. The German field armies are yielding; but they are not yielding like a beaten force.

The Press Bureau, briefly describing the flank battle in France, commends this week the "great dash and bravery" of the French. The French troops have in

the last few weeks gallantly retrieved their first ill-success. The battle of the Marne proved the ability of their leaders and the resolution of their men. We hear of "prodigies of valour"; and we are told that the French troops also know when it is necessary to be sober and systematic. The English troops have learned to admire and trust their French comrades, and they are now enthusiastic for General Joffre. Further testimony comes to us this week from Petrograd, where a Russian officer lately with the Allied Armies in France speaks in the highest terms of the French and British combination. It is now felt by the soldiers of both nations that each has in the other an ally to be proud of. This conviction is of incalculable importance to an allied force in battle. That it should so firmly have grown between men so unlike in temperament and manner as the French and English is worth half a dozen army corps.

In the marshes of East Prussia the Russians are usefully holding large German forces away from the decisive theatre of war. The first great encounter between the Russian and German armies will take place along the Vistula. Already the advance guards are in touch; much will here depend upon the intentions of Germany. Her oscillation between east and west has hitherto proved disastrous. It is well typified in the Kaiser's distracted running to and fro between the armies. We may be sure that the Russians will quickly accept battle along the whole line if the German massing in Silesia is offensively intended. The Czar has joined his troops in the field.

From the Namaqualand Field Force we get news of a gallant action of a small body of Imperial troops ultimately brought to surrender by a German commander who complimented his enemy upon his fighting. German commanders in Africa are apparently beyond the scope of Prussian culture. The chivalrous conduct of this particular German officer comes as a relief after the witness of so many sure, undoubted instances of the cruelty and brutality of his fellows in France and Belgium. How low the reputation of Germany has sunk is well measured by the fact that when we come

upon an instance where a German officer has behaved as a decent and civilised enemy we naturally receive it as a brilliant and marked exception.

Is Turkey really preparing to come into the war as the ally of Germany? It is difficult to believe that the Young Turkish war party at Constantinople will prevail. Already the signs of her warlike spirit have damaged her foreign trade. France is her banker. The Powers of Europe are her trustees. If Turkey now embarks upon a career of adventure with the enemy of Europe for her partner she forfeits all right to be considered again by Europe as a responsible and independent Power. If Turkey enters this war her act of folly may well destroy her. The signs now are not good. We hear of four huge German howitzers with ammunition and war material arrived at Constantinople. Roumania, too, has, it seems, been busy—holding up rifles and cartridges on their way to the Turkish Government.

The neutrality of Holland becomes an ever more serious problem. How it appears to a soldier is seen in the "Appreciation" this week by Vieille Moustache. But this is not only a military question; and we ourselves number some of the economic points in a leading article. Moreover, we can never forget that the British position as the champion of neutral rights and the small nations must rule all our ways of approach.

Submarine E 9, under Lieutenant-Commander Max K. Horton, is again distinguished. She has this week safely returned after penetrating towards the Ems River, not far from Borkum, and sinking a German torpedo-boat destroyer. This is our only news of the week from the fleets at sea.

The Grey Book now issued by the Belgian Government shows the world afresh that familiar spectacle of the German diplomatists busy at their usual exercise of bungling duplicity. It truly is amazing that men like these, whose official business it has been, through the negotiations of the crisis and even before the crisis, to concoct falsehood, should prove themselves so maladroit, so gauche, in their business. The absence of any subtlety or refinement from the falsehoods of modern German diplomacy is singular. The Grey Book illustrates this in a striking way. On 2 August the German Minister at Brussels, Herr von Below-Saleske, presented Germany's Ultimatum to Belgium. It declared that "the Imperial German Government possesses trustworthy information in regard to the intended concentration of French forces in the region of the Meuse by way of Givet and Namur. It leaves no doubt as to the intention of France to attack Germany through Belgian territory. The Imperial Government cannot dispel its anxiety lest Belgium, with the best will in the world, should not be able, without help, to beat off a French advance with such a prospect of success that it could be considered a sufficient guarantee against such a threat directed against Germany. It is a duty of self-preservation for Germany to forestall the enemy's attack".

Here was a hastily faked up falsehood of the most obvious character. It was clearly not intended to be believed. There was really no attempt to invent anything like a plausible excuse. "Anything will do" seems to have been the careless line on which German diplomacy went at this time. The German diplomatists had received, only two days before, the assurance of Belgium, which they knew to be perfectly true, that "no incursion of French troops into Belgium would take place even if large forces were to be massed on the frontiers of your country".

Moreover, if we glance back three days, we find the same German Minister in Brussels assuring the Belgian Government that he knew Germany had no

intention of violating Belgian neutrality; only it would not do for Germany to state this openly, for if she did France would perceive her plans and concentrate all her forces, not on the north-east, but on the west instead! This recalls the statement in Sir E. Grey's historic speech in the House of Commons, that Germany was unwilling to say definitely yes or no to his demand that she should respect Belgian neutrality, lest it should give away her plans to France. The House of Commons broke into something like laughter at this point, and truly there is a touch of humour in the incident. It appears to one as a piece of great awkward bad schoolboy lying. It is hard to understand how trained minds, and men constantly employed in high secrets and delicate negotiations, can be so crude and clumsy. We imagine that the German Chancellor and the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs must have been rushed and overstrained during the crisis, but this does not excuse the inefficiency of their work. German diplomacy as we see it in such documents as our White Paper and its continuation, and in this Belgian Grey Book calls for the use of such terms as blunderhead and blunderbuss.

At the same time, we cannot agree with the correspondent who, in another part of the REVIEW, suggests that it was "superfluous" to warn Germany at all that Great Britain must be reckoned with. Whether Germany were ready, or had made up her mind, or not, to "take on" Great Britain in taking on France and Russia, it was absolutely essential to warn her diplomatists of the consequence. If this had not been done our own people would not have been satisfied, and the bulk of the Labour Party, with a large number of Radicals and Liberals, would, not improbably, have stood out against the Government. Besides, neutral countries—the United States notably—would have been dissatisfied with our diplomacy. Nor are we at all sure that our correspondent is right in assuming that Germany meant to "take on" Great Britain just now; surely even General Bernhardt does not suggest or recommend fighting the three Powers all at once, with Italy hanging back. It seems far more likely that Germany blundered half blindly into this war against all three countries at the same time because of her passion, and in her frantic haste lest the Austrian and Serbian chance should slip by; and put away the thought of Great Britain to the back of her mind.

A message from the United States gives the purport of an article by Mr. Herman Ridder in the "Staatszeitung". This writer, apparently a German in America, improving on the German Chancellor even, describes the Belgium Neutrality Treaty as "a moth-eaten scrap of paper". We believe, however, that in Germany itself there are still a great many people who deeply, though secretly, resent that disgraceful and profoundly immoral German official phrase and act. It is too obvious now, to every honest mind that the violation of that treaty was inexcusable—a violation, as the Belgian Grey Book just published shows, accompanied by the most naked lying on the part of the German diplomatists.

That phrase "only a scrap of paper" has told against Germany all over the world; and we suppose it is more odious to the pro-German ear than any constantly spoken or written since the war began. We have not a doubt that it has brought us many thousands of recruits.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., should at once resign his seat in the House of Commons—that is the right preliminary to his resigning the £400 a year which he receives from the British taxpayer. He and his friends lately wrote us an exceedingly foolish letter on the subject of what the European settlement after the war should be: it would be a great deal more to the point if he would inform the public forthwith what he

intends to do about his seat in Parliament. Holding the views about the war and the attitude of this country which he has lately aired in the "Labour Leader", and virtually repeated in his letters to the "Times", he obviously owes it to Leicester to retire. If he does not immediately do so, it is the plain duty of all patriotic people in his constituency to protest at once against his opinions as to the war and British honour, and to demand his withdrawal. Frankly, we are surprised they have not moved already.

It is utterly wrong to assume—and we fear there is a tendency in this direction—that now the recruiting difficulty is quite solved; and that we shall soon have as many men as we want. Already one hears foolish optimists talk about the war being over before the second half-million men called for by Lord Kitchener are secured. Talk of this kind is exceedingly mischievous. It is highly unpatriotic, for it serves, if anything, to check recruiting. It grows indeed clearer every day that we shall need at least double as many men as we have got so far if we are to end the war next year. London is full of young men at the present time who ought to join the Army at once. For example, at lunch or tea time in almost any of the light refreshment shops one notices that a full fifty per cent. of the men are obviously between nineteen and thirty or thirty-five; and the great majority of these ought to enlist forthwith. Our popular papers, the "Daily Chronicle", the "Evening News", the "Mail", the "Star", and "Express", might well conduct a crusade in this matter.

We make no apology for again returning to estimate our loss in the wanton destruction of Reims cathedral. There was a report in the "Times" on Monday from a well-known architect of New York. He not only has been able to assess the damage, but also to witness as an impartial observer that this damage was inflicted deliberately and without military justification. His story is set forth in scrupulous detail, and leaves no doubt that the cathedral, as a work of art, is ruined past all remedy. As a living monument it can never exist again. Restoration, we repeat, would be hypocrisy—an expensive folly that would give us nothing in return. How hopeless it is to attempt any resurrection of the masterpiece of Reims is repeatedly realised as we read this report. Reims is now a mutilated shell. Scarcely a stone that once lay under the hand of its sculptors and masons has kept the vital impress of its craftsmen. The structure itself stands still, owing to its eternal strength, but the spoiling of the building in detail is too vividly described to leave one shred of hope.

"The straw, as I have said, caught ablaze", the architect relates, "from the fire originating in the scaffold, burning through the doors and destroying the fine wooden tambours or vestibules surrounding those doors in the interior, and also calcinating the extraordinary stone sculptures decorating the entire interior of this western wall. These sculptures are peculiar to Reims, being in high full relief and cut out of the stone itself instead of being applied. Their loss is irreparable. All the wonderful glass in the nave is absolutely gone; that of the apse still exists, though greatly damaged. The fire on the outside calcinated the greater part of the façade, the north tower, and the entire clerestory, with the flying buttresses and the turret crowning each of them. This stone is irretrievably damaged and flakes off when touched. Consequently, all decorative *motifs*, wherever the flame touched them, are lost."

One advantage at any rate has come to London from the state of war. London, by night, has taken on an unsuspected dignity. We have, indeed, found beauty in many streets and spaces of London where it is usually not conspicuous. The orders of the Govern-

ment concerning the excessive lighting of certain areas have made of London a very tolerable and fair city by night. Trafalgar Square, seen from more than one point, is now able to exhibit dim, grey lines curiously fragile in the half-light—unbroken by the running of ugly letters of fire spelling out the name of some firm more than usually active in this quite detestable fashion. Is it too much to hope that London may be permitted to keep some of her present obscurity by night? Sky-signs should, at any rate, be as heavily taxed in England as large hoardings are in France. The private companies who deform our streets, if they are not, as we would wish, forbidden to resume their ugly ways, should at least be made to pay the State for the evils we are made to endure. Why should we gratuitously suffer in order that their goods may be published to the world?

Perhaps the worst offences are committed on the river, which is spoiled even more completely than our principal square. Such battered beauty as our Thames presents on a London night is completely ruined by the advertisers. The correct thing for anyone who cares that London shall not be thus disfigured is on principle to avoid goods that are thus recommended without discretion. Personally we have come to dislike instinctively many excellent goods indelibly associated with the more hideous modern forms of advertisement. Large wooden cows in a field or blinking letters of light dodging in and out of view with monotonous regularity destroy our best will to enjoy the article they proclaim.

We wish to draw attention to Mr. James H. Blackwood's letter in the "Times" of 8 October on the "Copyright of German Books". Mr. Blackwood says that translations of many German books are being offered to publishers. "In many cases the would-be translators have obtained no permission or transfer of rights from the authors of these books, and it is, of course, impossible to do so in existing circumstances." Mr. Blackwood, who is President of the Publishers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland, points out that it would be a dishonourable act to issue such translations in this country. He is absolutely right. Any person who does it knowingly commits a dishonourable act and tends to sink to the enemy's level in matters of honour and morality. We earnestly call on all translators who have thoughtlessly entered on such plans to abandon them forthwith. They will look in vain, moreover, for the aid of any honourable firm of publishers. Any publication of the kind, if it is carried out, should not be sold in any bookshop in the United Kingdom; it would be a slur on our public honour. This is a most important matter, and it must be borne carefully in mind.

The "Daily News" of 7 October, reviewing Mr. Masfield's volume, "Philip the King: and Other Poems", quotes from it the following lines, in which the italics are our own:—

These sunbeams sidled when the vessel rolled,  
Their yellow lazy dust-strips crossed the floor,  
*Lighting a man-hole leading to the hold,*  
*A man-hole leaded down the day before.*

Left to ourselves we might have supposed these lines to be a direct challenge to Wordsworth's generally conceded supremacy in the art of bagging such poetic wildfowl as his famous couplet:—

"I've measured it from side to side;  
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide",

but it seems we should have been mistaken, for the comment of the "Daily News" on Mr. Masfield's lines given above is: "That is perfect craftsmanship". We are disposed to think there is room in contemporary literature for another Jeffrey, who as a critic may not have been subtle, but whose "saving grace of common sense" was really worth bushels of subtlety.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## THE HONOUR OF A NATION.

WE have tried, when referring to the German theory and practice of culture, to restrain our language—an attempt which more than once has led to protests by readers. We have tried to do so for several reasons. For one reason—strong language loses its virtue when often repeated. Words appear to suffer as through a kind of base, mechanic use, till the meaning and the vigour itself come to be worn out of them. For another reason—there is probably so much typical German culture still to come, so much we still have to comment on. There are still many women in Belgium to be raped before the Germans are out of that country; still so many old women, priests and boys to be hacked through and murdered. There are still so many châteaux in France to be pillaged, after the example of the Crown Prince. There are still some undamaged cathedrals liable to be shelled. There are still cellars to be ransacked for the debauches that culture in the form of the German officer demands from time to time when a town has been reached after a fatiguing march or engagement. There are still so many thousands of homes of humble Belgian and French peasants to be ruined and burnt. Moreover, even when France and Belgium have at length seen the last of German culture, is there not still the campaign of lying and spying to be carried on to the end? A German print has told us that if we force Germany's hand, if we insist on fighting her to a finish, she will fight to the last dog and cat in the country. We are not quite sure of that, though we shall certainly give her the credit of a rare determination in this matter; but, whether Germany fights or not to the last dog and cat, she will assuredly lie and spy to the last dog and cat. There is nothing more amazing and novel in this war than the way in which the lying and spying department has been State-organised and run on skilled and scientific methods; if deficient in diplomacy, Germany can fairly claim to be efficient in this particular department. But we are as yet at quite an early stage in the exercise of falsehood and craft. Germany may be relied on for much greater efforts in this and in her other highly specialised departments. Therefore we may all well moderate our language of criticism, so as to have some terms left with which to describe the German exercises in culture later on. And indeed during the past week or so German culture seems to have been in a comparatively lenient mood. The case of the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg appears to be an illustration of this. At the start of the war this lady set out in her motor-car, and, meeting the German invaders, protested against the violation of her State. She was ordered home, and the Germans took possession of Luxemburg without further opposition. But since then it has been discovered that this lady is not "serviceable". (The expression oddly recalls the views as to women and marriage of that accomplished scoundrel Edward Blencowe in George Meredith's book, "Rhoda Fleming".) She has therefore been deported from Luxemburg, and is a prisoner at present in Germany.

This lady has escaped lightly—lightly indeed compared with some of the women in Belgium who have had their hands chopped off at the wrist. So much for her life and the safety of her person; but what of the honour of poor Luxemburg? That, we fear, has gone, because Luxemburg at the time of the violation had no means in the world to check or protest seriously against the insult offered her by the Germans. It is because the Belgian people had the means and exercised them promptly that their unsullied honour to-day, out of all the wreck and ruin of their country, shines out as the most sublime thing, and in the life of nations as of individuals the most priceless, that this war can show. We do not know whether the closing scene of this war will take place actually at Berlin or not; whether it will be part of the Allies' arrangements to march through Berlin or not; but, if it is, the first troops to enter should most certainly be the Belgians.

Luxemburg has fared in a sense, in strictly a

material sense, better than Belgium. A few only of her people have been killed, and her ruler, it seems, has merely been put into prison for being unserviceable. But in how far greater and nobler a sense has Luxemburg fared worse, infinitely worse, than Belgium! She has been utterly humiliated and degraded, honour has been stripped from her, without her being able to make the smallest resistance. We should like to see a cartoon which lately appeared in the Antwerp paper called "Wereld-wee" well reproduced and exhibited and sold in every town in this country and throughout the Empire and the United States. We understand that the paper had to be suppressed across the frontier in Holland, since that country wishes to remain strictly neutral, and this cartoon would have offended Germany. No wonder it had to be suppressed in Holland! The German hide must be fairly pachydermatous by now, but the cartoon in "Wereld-Wee" might penetrate the thick skin even of the German Chancellor and the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It is entitled "Your Honour or Your Life", and represents the assassin stamping the wretched, writhing Luxemburg under foot whilst he levels his revolver at the head of a woman, Belgium, who dares him despite her frail form. It is a perfectly simple and truthful conception; and it well illustrates the fact that defective or indifferent draughtsmanship does not greatly matter where the inspiration is quick with passion and nobility. We cannot recall a cartoon of national life more moving and more spiritual. Cannot the Government here, or some of the bodies or committees who act for them, spread this cartoon of "Wereld-Wee"? We would press them to do so; it will serve their purpose in towns and villages all over the country and help to swell the ranks of the recruits. We think it was Wordsworth who wrote that men are "cradled into poetry by wrong", that "they learn in suffering what they teach in song". That is absolutely true of some of the greatest and most enduring poetry. It is probably true also in other arts—in, for instance, the pictorial, of which we see here a fine example. It is in the paradox of life, in nations as in individuals, that out of great wrong and suffering and sacrifice spring much of the best thought and action which men are capable of. We hope and believe that it will be found true of Belgium, to whom Russia has sent this week such an inspiring message. The Belgian people promise to come out of the immense wrong and agony that have been put upon them by the brutal might of Germany riper for great thought and endeavour than decades or centuries of secure prosperity can make a nation. Whatever happens to Antwerp in its struggle against the bloody tyranny and ruffianism of Germany, Belgium's glory in the future is now secure.

What is Belgium's real, what is her most splendid and lasting service to Europe and to civilisation by the part she has played and with matchless bravery is still playing in this war? We suppose that it occurred to most of us at first that her service was in holding back the enemy at Liège; and so of enabling Great Britain, late in the field and not fully prepared, to come to the aid before France was defeated and Paris besieged or overcome. That no doubt was a great benefit. Belgium by her resistance largely spoilt the German plan of campaign, and gave us a little time to gather our force and go to France's aid: and it was a substantial boon. It kept back the enemy's army, and it is even to-day, two months after the war began, tying up a considerable army. From this point of view, the sacking and burning of Louvain, the destruction of Belgian towns and villages, even the slaughter of the Belgian peasantry, were not in vain: they were what German culture would call "serviceable" to Europe and to the cause of civilisation. German culture in its march to dominate Europe had to stop and turn aside to murder the Belgian people and pillage their homes. For example, they had to sack Aerschot, concerning which the President of the Belgian Commission to enquire into the violation of the country has just presented his report. He says in his official com-

munication to the Belgian Government:—"I believe that I may affirm, even now, that the total ruin which has overtaken this laborious and peaceful population is much more due to an organised pillage than to fire which spared certain quarters of the town. During three weeks the soldiers gradually plundered almost all the houses, destroying everywhere the objects which failed to satisfy their greed, while the officers kept for themselves the houses of the wealthy. All the valuables which the owner had not the time to put in safety, plate, family jewels, and money, have disappeared, and the people declare that the fires had often no other object than to hide the traces of some particularly important theft. Full waggon loads of booty left Aerschot in the direction of the Meuse. As for the cause of the calamity which befell this defenceless town, it originated, according to the German military authorities, in the murder of an officer by a civilian whom they name, and who was immediately shot. This fact remains, however, to be proved, as it has not been possible to find anyone in Aerschot who admits the culpability of Tieleman's son. It is enough to bear in mind at present that by the invaders' own admission Aerschot's destruction has been the result of a deliberate decision. In the eyes of the German commander the massacre of an indeterminate number of innocent people, the transportation of several hundred others, the savage treatment inflicted on old men, women, and children, the ruin of so many families, the burning and the sacking of a town of 8,000 souls constitute justifiable reprisals for the act of a single individual." We quote this because it admirably illustrates the way in which the Belgian people delayed German culture on its way to victory. Even a single individual, it will be seen, had the power of holding up the enemy! And this is but one incident out of so many of a similar kind. Truly Belgium, by not suffering herself without resistance to be trampled under the German hoof, as the unfortunate Luxemburg was at once trampled, struck a great blow for the immediate cause of the Allies.

But Belgium has done a far greater thing even than that in the eyes of everybody who is able to take a long view. Belgium has shown, through a tremendous conviction and devotion, that there is such a thing as the honour of a nation; and she has shown—not alone through her ruler and her army, but through all classes of her people—that there is no sacrifice too great in the task of keeping that honour bright. We recommend the Grey Book published by the Belgian Government to the attention of all who wish to get at the root facts, the official and unquestionable documents, as to the violation of the Belgium Neutrality Treaty. It triumphantly proves beyond the vestige of a doubt that Belgium, apart from any plan or desire of Great Britain and of France, or from any encouragement they might give her, meant to strike with all her might for her honour, whoever came to assail it. That, well understood, is the most heroic resolution and act in this war; and that is why Belgium should be the first of the nations, by and by, to enter Berlin.

#### THE POSITION OF HOLLAND.

**S**HALL the enemy continue to be fed through Holland? We are moved at once to say that it must be stopped and shall be stopped. Among the many difficult questions raised by the war that of the continued maintenance of the neutrality of Holland is the most serious for the Allies and for Holland herself. Germany obtained a military advantage by violating the neutrality of Belgium, and an economic advantage by observing the neutrality of Holland—a neutrality which, if it suited her purpose, she would violate tomorrow without scruple. It does not suit her purpose, for Holland contains the one port in Northern Europe through which Germany can get supplies from the outside world. Rotterdam is far more convenient for German traders than the neutral Italian ports through

which also a certain amount of produce finds its way across the Alps into Germany. Moreover, the Dutch are bound by the international regulations which govern the navigation of the Rhine to permit certain cargoes, mainly foodstuffs, to pass into Germany; and it is quite clear that, Hamburg and Bremen being closed, Germany is doing her best to increase her supplies through Holland. Germany is effusive in her clumsy courtship of the Dutch in order to secure what facilities she can. We on our side have the mortification of seeing the work of our Navy in stopping enemy supplies partly neutralised by the traffic in neutral bottoms through the Maas and Rhine—a traffic which must tend to prolong the struggle by providing Germany with the sinews of war. We trust that our Government are giving serious consideration to this matter.

Our own motive is simple. We desire to stop all external supplies from reaching the enemy. But we frankly recognise the difficulties of the Dutch. As it has not suited Germany to bully them they have not been called upon to play the heroic part of their Belgian neighbours—a part which their past history shows them fully capable of playing—and they have the more difficult, if less dangerous, business of attempting to maintain normal relations with two groups of Powers at war with each other, but not at war with them. Holland necessarily loses much, like every other neutral country in the world, by the mere existence of war between the Great Powers; but Holland probably loses more than any other non-belligerent. Her army is continuously mobilised and her fleet presumably ready for action; and for a small nation, even a wealthy nation like the Dutch, to maintain the whole army mobilised indefinitely is necessarily a heavy drain on her ordinary resources. She is supporting Belgian refugees out of charity and German prisoners who have given themselves up out of necessity; and while her interior trade is disorganised by the withdrawal of men from ordinary pursuits and her railway traffic—much of which is international—is heavily reduced, the problem of employment and feeding her own people is likely to become a serious matter if the war lasts. In that sense it is to Holland's interest to see the war ended as quickly as possible.

But, it will be said, does not Holland gain something as a neutral by being free to trade with both nations? The answer is given in the recently-published traffic statistics of the port of Rotterdam, which show a heavy decline over the period immediately preceding and the same period a year ago. If these statistics are accurate Holland is importing and exporting far less than usual. What we should insist upon knowing is, what proportion of these imports and exports are of Dutch manufacture or consumption and how much is intended for or comes from Germany? In a word, what is legitimate Dutch traffic and what is merely freight in transit? We have no doubt that the Dutch representative in London could obtain from his Government or from the commercial officials at the Port of Rotterdam, an analysis of the trading figures, and their production might do a great deal to reassure English opinion, which has now good reason to be disturbed at the position of Rotterdam as a neutral port of supply to the enemy.

Holland, we repeat, must expect, like every other neutral, to lose by the war; she may consider herself fortunate if at the end she has succeeded in keeping her independence. That her people do realise the danger ahead of them is shown by the pathetic and dignified speech of the Queen of Holland to the Dutch Parliament on 15 September, in which she remarked that "Our economic life has been tried in all directions by the oppressive results of the European situation. Some amelioration is becoming apparent with regard to various products of agriculture, horticulture, and the alimentary industries which are finding fresh markets in England, as well as in Germany; but the regular course of business is suffering greatly by disturbance in communication by post, telegraph, and navigation.

I appeal confidently to all to avoid scrupulously, both in trade and traffic, anything that could endanger our neutrality. Our national existence demanding that our external commerce should be carried on as far as circumstances permit, *every trader must bear in mind that even the appearance must be avoided of bias in Dutch trade in favour of one of the belligerent Powers over the others.*"

More serious even than the conduct of Dutch traders are the rumours current in England of large consignments of goods being shipped from this country to Germany through Rotterdam. They are shipped, of course, *as for Holland*. If this be true—and it is believed by commercial men of experience—then Dutch middlemen have gone against the Queen of Holland's express wish, and risked the already precarious position of their country in order to make some personal profit. They have deliberately attempted to deceive the English Government and they are trading under false pretences. Our own traders, who have stooped to this method of dealing with the enemy by way of neutral agents, have done far worse. They deserve the severest punishment for their treachery in this evil business. The authorities here at the ports should keep a sharp watch for the possibility of this kind of transaction being carried on by underground means; and we repeat that the Dutch authorities would be wise in their own interests to make clear how much of the goods imported into Holland are really destined for Germany and how far the proportion exceeds the normal. We have every desire to recognise their extremely difficult position, but a statement of the course of commerce by the Dutch Government will go far to resolve doubts in this country and to help us to safeguard the position of the Netherlands as a neutral, but an honourably independent Power. The subject is one fraught with danger, but a frank exposition by the Dutch Minister of Commerce would tend to minimise the inevitable risks which face Holland.

On the main point we are clear. All underground trade between this country and Germany through Holland must cease. We do not desire to deprive the Dutch themselves of anything they require. But the false orders of which we hear cannot be allowed to continue. If there continues to be any suspicion of bad faith of any of the parties to neutral Dutch transactions the end must eventually be a total breach of commerce. We shall not allow the lives of British soldiers to be helplessly forfeited; and too clearly the more supplies Germany can get through Holland the longer the war must be and the greater the loss of our brave men. We repeat: this trade must cease.

#### THE FIRING LINE.

**T**HACKERAY, apropos of George Warrington back from the front, has a fine essay on the shyness of the typical Englishman, his aversion from all kinds of "gush," his instinctive shrinking from a parade of his more intimate feelings. It is the spirit that makes our people say and do foolish things when called on to do worship to the sublime. We all know the intelligent Englishman who asks "Is that all?" as he watches the rush of the multitude of waters at Niagara. It is not insensibility. Alone he would stay and wonder. With a companion he tries to be unimpressed. It is a habit still peculiarly English, though the Americans have some trace of it. Mark Twain is perpetually trying to cover deep emotion by some light jest. The Anglo-Saxon dislikes undressing morally or intellectually *coram populo*. No Englishman could have written Rousseau's "Confessions". One of our race might have set out to represent himself as a tyrant, or an atheist, or a double-dyed villain. But by no possibility would he have admitted to the small follies, the mean little deceptions, the apish tricks which make that book transparently one of the truest of human documents. Pepys is frank enough. But assuredly he would not have been the Pepys we delight in had he foreseen that his babble would reach print. Byron went

as far as most men in laying bare his heart. He seemed to delight in calling in the world to observe its more theatrical palpitations. But Byron was not always acting Lara or Manfred, and of the real man we probably know less than of most people of his quality.

There are plenty of George Warringtons at the front just now. Among them is the officer who through the Press Bureau supplies the British public with pen pictures of the war as observed from Sir John French's headquarters. People who write by authority often rise to sober eloquence. They indulge in lofty sarcasm. They are sometimes betrayed into vehemence. But it is difficult to recall anything quite like these messages from headquarters, with their shrewd judgment, their sure, keen instinct for the interesting, their easy grasp of larger matters, combined with what may without offence be described as a kind of breezy cheerfulness. The "eye-witness" should be a valuable recruiting sergeant. He writes as one who knows war, and was even prepared for this kind of war. But he writes also as if this is a kind of great game on the great scale. He notes that those terrific German shells scoop out holes "big enough to bury five horses"—the words are grimly significant—that they send up suffocating columns of greeny black smoke, and that they stain everything near a ghastly yellow. But he will not allow that they are very dreadful visitors after all. The soldiers jest over them, and call them "Jack Johnsons" and "Black Marias". They are difficult people, these men in khaki, to depress or impress, and the German military philosophers who relied on the terrifying and demoralising effect of this heavy fire have once again miscalculated.

That our men would face anything that mortal can face—and go through with a cheery gallantry quite British—everybody was sure who knew anything of the right kind of Englishman when in a tight corner. But that modern fire at its worst is no jest, that it is about as appalling an experience as man can face, is certain from the almost unvarying expressions in published letters from the fighting line and from the conversation of wounded men. One word is monotonously used to describe the infernal racket and destruction. "It is hell" is a fair summary of nine-tenths of the extracts from soldiers' correspondence. It is not that the great shell drinks up human life in great gulps when men are discreetly disposed. Notoriously an immense amount of metal is needed to kill a single man well entrenched in a strong position. But the nervous strain is horrible, and only the greatest physical and moral hardihood, reinforced by thorough discipline, can prevail against it. That is one reason, among many, why the light-hearted optimists are so grievously wrong—the kind of people who talk about Cromwell's Ironsides and suggests that a few weeks' training can turn any well-built lad into a thoroughly seasoned soldier fit to meet the finest troops of Germany. A shell which causes a "local earthquake", which buries men under two or three tons of earth, may be treated familiarly by men long habituated to take things as they come and drilled into the conviction that nothing matters so much as disobedience to orders. The effect on an imaginative youth who had never fired a rifle three months before must be widely different. Natural pluck is no sufficient buckler against these terrors.

The wonder is rather that familiarity so soon robs the most appalling conditions of their horror. To us at a distance, gathering glimpses here and there of the hideous carnage of a modern battlefield, it seems extraordinary that British soldiers liberated from the trenches can enjoy an impromptu game of football. To the soldiers themselves there is no miracle in the fact. They conquered Death before they left English shores; why be afraid of him now? It seems grimly incongruous that to a French soldier in the trenches news should come of the birth of a child; that he should be immediately dubbed by his comrades "Le père de Monsieur le bébé" and chaffed accordingly, and that every few hours the inquiry should go round, "Is the

father of the baby safe?" Yet here again the true bitterness of death was faced when the mobilisation order came, and the husband was rudely snatched from his little private life. Why not make the best of it while breath remains? After all, one must die some time. These men, for the most part, never heard of the Stoic philosophy. But no antique philosopher ever surpassed them in cool contempt for death. It would seem that what we call heroism is nothing very exceptional. Given a great enough occasion, there is heroism in very ordinary people. We see it among our British troops, half disguised with a touch of broad and merry humour. The French soldier is always gallant. But what of the conscripts, the Quixote-Panzas of the Tartarin type, fond of comfort and good living? They all continue, somehow, to comport themselves as soldiers. Very wonderful, too—and most pathetic—is the resignation of the hapless civilian, torn from his secure moorings in Belgium and Northern France, and sent forth as a penniless wanderer. There is something in vast calamities that seems to call into action the finest impulses of human nature. Self is forgotten in universal woe. If a single prosperous bourgeois of Louvain had been robbed in one day of money, house, and child he would probably have lost his reason or taken his life. Since hundreds are in similar case, we read of him bearing up bravely, and perhaps giving help and sympathy to others still more unfortunate. It is very wonderful, this alchemy of unmeasured catastrophe.

During the last few weeks there have been published a good many notes from dead German soldiers to their women-folk at home. They afford a singular contrast to the same kind of letters from our own officers and men at the front. The Englishman is almost invariably slangy, pithy, and light in style. He would seem, on the evidence of his writing, to be a monster of insensibility. The German always writes in a staid, sober way, with a strong dash of sentiment. The strain of "Ehren on the Rhine" seems to run through his missive. Yet we know that the Briton is tenderness itself to women, children, and the helpless; while the German sentimentalist occasionally confesses that he has taken part in bayoneting girls or shooting little boys. It is typical of the two races. The German has in him a vein of sugariness which may be turned—there is such a thing as sugar of lead—to deadly poison. The true Englishman hates abstract sentiment, whereas the German is always ready for it. Clearly the English imagination is not at fault. Shakespeare is sufficient assurance of that. Is it that German character is after all something smaller than our own; that it has no difficulty in expressing the highest that is in it, while the finest part of the English nature is for ever doomed to be inarticulate?

#### INFORMING THE ENEMY.

THE Press Bureau has issued a long and very interesting statement about Germany's spy organisation in England. It certainly shows that the Home Office has been far more watchful in the matter than most people have imagined. To illustrate this, let us quote the following passage from the Home Office communication: "The Special Intelligence Department, supported by all the means which could be placed at its disposal by the Home Secretary, was able in three years, from 1911 to 1914, to discover the ramifications of the German Secret Service in England. In spite of enormous efforts and lavish expenditure of money by the enemy, little valuable information passed into their hands. The agents, of whose identity knowledge was obtained by the Special Intelligence Department, were watched and shadowed without in general taking any hostile action or allowing them to know that their movements were watched. When, however, any actual step was taken to convey plans or documents of importance from this country to Germany, the

spy was arrested and in such case evidence sufficient to secure his conviction was usually found in his possession. Proceedings under the Official Secrets Acts were taken by the Director of Public Prosecutions; and in six cases sentences were passed varying from 18 months to six years' penal servitude. At the same time steps were taken to mark down and keep under observation all the agents known to be engaged in this traffic, so that when any necessity arose the police might lay hands on them at once; and accordingly on the 4th August, before the Declaration of War, instructions were given by the Home Secretary for the arrest of 20 known spies, and all were arrested. This figure does not cover a large number (upwards of 200) who were noted as under suspicion or to be kept under special observation. The great majority of these were interned at or soon after the declaration of war. None of the men arrested in pursuance of the orders issued on 4th August has yet been brought to trial, partly because the officers whose evidence would have been required were engaged in urgent duties in the early days of the war, but mainly because the prosecution by disclosing the means adopted to track out the spies and prove their guilt would have hampered the Intelligence Department in its further efforts."

Nevertheless there is one important branch of the German spy system which seems to have been overlooked—the possibility of private agents possessing and using wireless apparatus. The matter is the more to be noted as the Press and the public have underrated its significance from simple ignorance of science. It is not a matter of opinion but of fact that a wireless operator in England with an installation no larger than may conveniently be worked from a private house can receive messages from English or German stations, and can transmit the same for a hundred miles or more. It is an equally simple matter for trawlers under a neutral flag, equipped with wireless apparatus, to come within a hundred miles of the East Coast; to pick up messages from spies in England; and to run back with the required information. Moreover, we have to remember that for an expert German interpreter a code is quite easily read. Thus it has become reasonable to suppose that it is not impossible or even difficult for a wireless operator in England to put himself into touch with the German Admiralty. He might with good fortune be able to inform a German Admiral of the plans and disposition of our English Fleet. We have only to imagine that orders issued to the Fleet by wireless from Whitehall can be picked up by a German operator in London; can be transmitted to the East Coast; can be despatched to a trawler in the North Sea, arriving ultimately at Kiel or Wilhelmshaven. It then becomes less mysterious that a German submarine should suddenly and effectively appear where it is least desired, and that secret surprises arranged by the Admiralty in London should unaccountably come to nothing. We may seem to have deliberately exaggerated the simplicity of the German method; and we should ourselves be wary of supposing that the chain of communication between ourselves and the enemy is unbroken and continuous. But the bare probability of successful communication would be warrant enough for stern and energetic measures of precaution; and we already know that there is considerably more than a bare probability of the process we have described having more than once been successfully completed. The actual leakage of information has virtually been proved by the event. In the light of what the British Admiralty now knows—knowledge which cannot yet be made public—the strictest measures are justified in dealing with all suspicious cases.

We are painfully aware that many people are asking in some distress of mind exactly how far the non-chalance of the Home Office extends in the grave question of wireless operators.

We have always insisted upon fairness and courtesy to inoffensive German and Austrian strangers; and—up to a point—we are glad of the chivalry, the absence of a persecuting and spiteful

temper, shown in our Courts when they are dealing with charges of espionage—of suspected acts or intentions of hostility. One thing is sure and undoubted. We cannot afford to play loosely with suspected enemies. Spies caught in Germany or France are dealt with swiftly and sternly on their merits. We do not in any way desire to weaken or embarrass Mr. McKenna in his policing of the realm at this critical time. We would only assure him that in any strong and effective measures he may devise to check the activity of alien wireless operators upon English soil he will have the full support and approval of the English public. That the enemy by sea has been extraordinarily well informed throughout the war is indisputable; and we are quite entitled, without betraying any information not yet officially published, to ask the authorities the following questions: (1) Are they prepared to deny the ability of wireless operators in England to communicate with the German Fleet? (2) Are they assured that the wireless codes in use by the Admiralty cannot be read by the enemy? (3) Are they satisfied that it is consistent with the safety of our ships to allow trawlers flying a neutral flag even within the limits now prescribed by the Admiralty? Courtesy and consideration of the non-belligerent and an easy contempt of the spy and his methods must not be allowed to make us indifferent to a real and pressing danger. All cases should be brought to a speedy investigation. We are sure that any fumbling or uncertainty in dealing with this question will be deeply resented by the public.

### THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 10) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

"We are officered by excellent men and we can feel led. You will understand."—A soldier's story, "Times", September 29, 1914.

THE pen of a private soldier at the front to a comrade or a relative can testify as eloquently as the despatch of a commander to the striking value of our incomparable corps of officers. "The officers mean the army", said the great Frederick.

Next to the praises of his immediate superior nothing can cheer the heart of a leader more than the plaudits of the led. In no profession of life is man afforded the opportunity of proving his real worth than that which gives him the chance when his nation is put to the extreme test of national virtue—which is war.

Fortunately for our nation the opportunity of the soldier is rare, but we know how greedily do our aspirants to glory seize upon every chance whenever or wherever offered. We have for centuries earned and maintained a reputation among nations for showing to the world that on sea and land Great Britain can produce men who as leaders are unsurpassed in facing and conquering difficulties. "It is difficulties which show what men are", said the old Athenian; but it is in the quiet domain of Peace that the sailor and soldier can train himself to meet the test which will prove him to be a man. The mind of a commercial people, dulled with a long peace, can hardly grasp the labour and energy that is required of its military officers to put into shape the very raw and physically feeble material that the nation spares for its martial forces. And we know too well how our leaders succeed in their task, for from such weaklings we see turned out solid substance that can stand up and fight with the best. There is a method in the transformation. More than brute valour is required of the modern soldier. It is in the calm, angerless domain of science that the soldiers' leader has to prove himself a master and a teacher. Further, with a voluntarily enlisted army a fresh virtue is required of the officer. Freeborn men, living under free institutions, have inherited ideas which are not impregnated with the ideas of discipline. Nothing but most tactful handling can imbue them with this absolutely essential spirit, which is the bedrock of success

in an army. A modern army to succeed in war (and it is useless if kept for any other object) possesses both a heart and a brain. It is the business of the officer to foster both and thus create a soul. The soul of the soldier can only be developed by discipline, and the test of the depth of the teaching can only be applied in a time of war. The difficulty of the teacher immeasurably increases as the instruments of warfare become more intricate. A grave responsibility rests upon those who deny to the instructor the means of application of such instruments. When our Hosannas are over on the conclusion of our present struggle the turn of the hangman will come. A nation, however rich, cannot buy for its soldiers valour or discipline. Wealth can only provide for maintaining in time of strife all the requisite arms, munitions, supplies, and comforts for the men fighting its battles. We have paid dearly already during this present century for a lesson which is going to give us a fourfold return. War, the greatest architect of military thought, has given us masons who know right well how to build up an army, and right well they know the necessity of putting brain work into the composition of the structure. Quietly and unostentatiously have our leaders striven in their labours. It is as the teacher of the soldier in Peace that the officer succeeds as a leader in war. For to teach is to learn and study the worth of the pupil. A mutual faith thus exists between leader and led, the result of a system, gradual in its method, which develops first the body and then the mind of the soldier.

We should be ungrateful to our forefathers if we did not pay tribute to them for an asset they have bequeathed to us which tends to foster the military virtues. Our games and pastimes are the common heritage of leader and led, and, what is of more importance, they are careful to acknowledge no class distinction in their enjoyment. They are the envy and admiration of foreign nations, who recognise in them the attributes of both discipline and formation of character. Prince Frederick Charles, the victor of Metz in 1870, in an address to his soldiers, alluding to the value of our pastimes and games, said: "They not only strengthen and harden the body, but also influence the spirit of the soldier, develop courage, give self-confidence even amounting to recklessness and strengthen the power of will, the determination, and the ambition".

We catch our soldiers young, when the mind is susceptible for good or evil. The youth is handled by his officer and grows insensibly to learn, and thus to appreciate, the dominion which intellect united to moral greatness exercises over him. The first skirmish, the first danger shared alike, and the spirit called "comrade" imbues both leader and led: it is a spirit that only ends with death. In no army but ours is there such a communion as an "Old Comrades' Association". The lay world cannot comprehend its mysteries. Go to one of these annual dinners and you will see the Chelsea pensioner seated beside the Field-Marshal enjoying the same plain but wholesome fare, and hear repeated the tale of peer and peasant-born sharing the same damp bivouac, the same tin of bully beef, the same bite of weevily biscuit, the same joys of victory, perhaps the same shame of reverse, but how all stood man to man, rich blood and poor blood, when the colours waved over both in the hour of trial. Then, as the writer above quoted says, "You will understand".

The efficiency of every army is determined by the efficiency of its corps of officers. The worth of armies is not measured by their magnitude, but by the spirit that animates them, the teaching that has been put into them by their leaders; the cause for which they are fighting. An ignorant military officer should be allowed no place in war. His opportunities for squandering his men's lives are innumerable. Before he has even seen a foe he can by neglect starve them, allow them to become victims of disease, disgust them so as to drive them to desertion or criminal acts. When he meets the foe his mishandling of his charge leads to

slaughter. A bad officer is an extravagance and fosters indiscipline. His exit from the service should be simplified. Given a good school and the best of instructors, we should have a never-failing supply of leaders of men of the class which men themselves know how to recognise as superiors and in whom they feel they can trust to lead. In our respective armies we seem to see a contrast: the German appears to be driven, while the Britisher is led.

#### THE SEAS.

Not a moment too soon has a naval supremacy asserted its right to narrow the channels of the seas to its own liking. When the periscope of the hostile submarine can venture in sight of the cliffs of Albion we must begin to act and not think. If might means right on land, why not on water; and what is to fix the sea frontiers of a State at war except sea power? The control of the elements is to the strong. Is the air of the heavens that hangs over neutral Holland the property of that State? Do Zeppelins pay toll for the use of it on their journeys to Antwerp? We may be faced with a huge task before long that may cost us millions in money and thousands in lives. We might economise in both by *buying or leasing Zeeland* and giving it to Belgium. This frontier must be the future of the Netherlands when peace is again a question. Better to anticipate diplomatic difficulties by a money bargain in war. It will save us the cost of a fleet or two and a multitude of trouble to boot. We seldom stint our Naval Estimates. Let a new vote be entered therein for a land purchase scheme, even if it be for airship sheds for the purpose of enabling our Flying Corps to get to closer grips with the foe. Money is about to buy in Turkey a new ally to the Dual Alliance. Let us show that we can find an equally long purse to purchase neutral territory on which to base a safeguard for an old ally. In time of war ordinary law must lower its flag to martial law. Martial law—which, in fact, is no law but the law of the strong—must enable its law-makers to make their own codes and standards of obligation to meet the new phases of under-sea and over-sea and other methods of warfare.

In applauding again the brave deeds of our *Eg* and its daring commander, we welcome the initiative of the new-born fleets of our sons oversea. Many a Britisher is learning for the first time some world geography where he will find that by clash of arms more red is being painted on his map, more places in the sun denied to German and more bestowed on Briton by right of conquest.

#### THE WESTERN AREA. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES", 3 OCTOBER.

We are threatened with an internecine war on the matter of codes, but we can trust our War Lord to end the strife in his own way. The shipper and the shopman can hardly be expected to understand that a word in cypher may lose a battle, that a battle lost may mean a campaign lost, a campaign lost may mean an empire gone. Wireless has its advantages and its disadvantages. Already the tappers of this means of forwarding information have found out for us that German losses have been so heavy that reports of their totals are not to be forwarded. News of movements and intended operations have similarly been acquired. We should be loth to permit facilities for any purpose of monetary gain when by means of a slip, unintentional or otherwise, a handicap were imposed upon our Allies, not forgetting our own "contemptible little Army" and our ever-watchful Navy.

A calm now supervenes before a coming storm, and the elements of the storm can only be gathered from points along a line already attenuated from continued strife. Where the hæmorrhage is less pronounced on the line of the opposing armies, forces can be spared to form a strategic reserve for the meditated blow at the selected point. New blood brought into play on either side will enable that side to impose his will upon his foe. What a rare commodity is common sense! Prussia learnt by defeat in 1806 how to make a weapon of war

that should be a pattern to all nations if wielded with sense. Germany is learning that in using this weapon in a reckless, senseless manner it can be blunted by her own exertions. Shatter tactics, if continued much longer, will reduce the German Army to a state of impotence. The Officer Corps is reaching a state of attrition. It is a class of its own, and has hitherto found recruits only from within its own class. This military caste is the outcome of two successful wars, and has held domination over German people for a half-century. They have governed Germany. The German people do not make their government: their government makes them. If this caste dies of war attrition some other class must take its place. We know that steps are being taken for the purpose, but the question arises for Germany: Will the new leaders find an army so sodden with custom that it is unable to shake off its juggernaut tactics, or will the new officer be able to put brain into the tactical work that must convert the machine into a thinking implement of war?

We have no reason to alter the principles upon which the huge mass of our own new officers shall be trained. The old system has answered its purpose in the highest test to which it has ever been put. The mutual confidence between man and man is uppermost, and it will continue.

When in the intervals of deadly combat with a foe men can be seen varying the monotony of imposed trench life with the enjoyment of a national pastime we may rest assured that contentment with their lot is manifest. Nor are the officers when off duty wont to spend spare hours in idleness. While the untiring brains of the Staff are pondering over maps and plans with pen and compass the youngsters are busy with gun and dog seeking and getting wherewithal to vary the monotony of the daily ration. What reminiscences of the days of the Peninsula and the Iron Duke and his pack of hounds! Long may this spirit flourish in our officers, naval or military, the best to be found bred and fostered in the world of sport.

The lull in the Allied offensive, the premonition of a coming storm, we trust will be but a sign of a preparation that must be inevitable for a gigantic effort that will put beyond dispute the question whether the next phase of the struggle in this theatre is to be fought on French or German soil. The effort will go down in history as a colossal strife, colossal in its inception, colossal in its result, colossal in its effect, colossal in its penalties—and each side knows well the measure of its purpose. We can await the end with calmness and confidence. The battle setting will relieve the monotony of four weeks of trenching and counter-trenching which has converted the long line behind which the opposing forces have been lying into a species of siege warfare. An encounter battle in which the legs of man and horse will be put to the highest test of training and endurance, in which skill in manœuvring will at last find an opening, is being staged.

We may anticipate hearing the thunder of the thousands of hoofs of the largest mass of cavalry that armies have yet ventured to put into motion since the brilliant days of Murat. Up to date in this war cavalry actions have been on a minor scale of small bodies against equal bodies or against other arms. The hour of cavalry in warfare is approaching, and with it we only hope will be found the man—and that man on the side of the Allies. Much, very much, will depend upon the state and condition of the cavalryman's weapon—his horse. Two months of wear and tear are not conducive to allow a high trial, but we enter the lists on equal terms and at a time in operations which has upset the calculations of all theorists who have written on the uses of cavalry.

In a good hour, be it said as an omen of success, may the clash of arms echo near a spot where once an Empire fell.

It would be idle to deny that upon the result of this struggle of giants depends the fate of Antwerp. The battle may last for days, but with the first waver of German defeat the brave Belgian may take heart, and will find the tension of the iron girdle materially

relaxed. We can trust that this great effort of the allied commander has been timed to synchronise with other movements that must spell a complete success.

THE EASTERN AREA. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES",  
3 OCTOBER.

The study of the great campaign of Napoleon in 1814 in the middle provinces of France, with the lightning strokes that the great master dealt to his opponents and their three armies, is now being reflected as in a microscope on the great plains of Eastern Prussia, Poland, and Galicia. A triumph of railway administration has enabled three German armies, brought from the western theatre of war, to line up with a fourth already in position, and with the purpose that not one foot of German soil must be yielded to the approaching Russian avalanche. It is this very piece of pride of soil that may prove the undoing of the Kaiser. He undoubtedly transferred his armies from the Western to the Eastern theatre just when victory was crowning his arms. The German overreached himself in his giant stride from one strategic front to the other. With overweening confidence the Kaiser has thought himself capable of dealing effective blows simultaneously from front and rear. He is threatened with failure on both sides in consequence. There is this difference between the study of the two campaigns: In 1814 there were three minds directing operations against one master mind. In 1914 there is one mind pitted against the other. The weakness of purpose common to allied forces has been alluded to in my former letters. The struggle between Teuton and Muscovite is just about to commence in earnest. A give-and-take campaign has already been waged in East Prussia, but it is not in that region that we may look for the decisive factor that will make for victory. A vigorous offensive from four German points may be expected, and an equally vigorous counter-blow from Russian armies will be delivered. It will be in the south, in Silesia, that the battle of giants will decide the fate of two monarchs in the appalling duel now in preparation. It is here that prestige of victory should enhance the chances of Russia against the dual forces of Germany and Austria, more especially as the latter, already weakened by defeat both physically and morally, will have home instincts, thus controlling the strategic plan of German operations. The rail junction at Tarnow, in Galicia, will afford to Ruzsky, the commander of the Russian armies in this sphere, a position whence to strike blows in three directions; but the capture of Cracow is the pivot upon which will hinge the furtherance of a winter campaign.

What glories must not Silesia recall to Prussian leaders—what agonies to their Austrian allies! Will the lessons of the great Frederick prove of value to the leaders of the huge armies who will face each other in those historic regions within the next few weeks? The principles of war are for all time dominant, but the practice of war—which means winning battles—is the reward of the practitioner. One feels inclined to back the veterans of the Czar. Two countries could materially alter the military situation in these regions and ensure the denial of a pick-and-shovel stalemate. Both Roumania and Italy hold keys in their hands, and either key would unlock the doors that threaten to be closed to a decision for peace for many a weary month. Meanwhile Rennenkamph's victory on the Niemen occurs at a point in the strategic front which must react upon the second German army operating in the northern area of Russian Poland. Thus on both flanks of the Russian advance towards Germany victorious armies will have secured to the main armies a sure safeguard in their efforts westward. With the condition of impasse which has been overhanging the situation in the western theatre of war in France, it will be a nice feature in allied operations if defensive and offensive tactics are alternately played in the two theatres to throw out of gear the machinery of transit of the German corps which has proved a source of congratulation in the calculations of the great German Staff.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### THE REORGANISERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

THIS is once more the layman's contribution on a subject which belongs to the specialist, but I find that what of it belongs to the historian is far from being generally known and may be of interest.

The disaster of 1870 was followed by an apparently slow—in reality feverishly active and unremitting—work of military reparation, which as early as 1875 became a source of constant anxiety for Bismarck. The Chancellor entertained no doubt that France, the moment she felt strong enough, would attack Germany, yet uncertain of her own power, and try to make her losses good. His wish was for a second campaign which would have left France so exhausted that she would never be dangerous again. Against this simple and, no doubt, effective plan England and Russia raised objections which even Bismarck could not remove, and the Chancellor, baffled on the military terrain, had to fall back on his other resource—diplomacy. In 1875 France was still uncertain of the Constitution she should adopt and hung between the Duc de Broglie and Gambetta. It is beyond question that Bismarck did his utmost to help the establishment in France of a Republican régime, which he firmly hoped would drift into demagogism. It is no less certain that when Gambetta found himself hesitating between his longing for a *revanche* and the opposition of his friends to a war, the Chancellor paved the way for the solution, which consisted in launching France upon a colonial policy and helping her to forget in Indo-China or at Madagascar that it was for Alsace-Lorraine that she ought to be fighting.

It is useless to record how successful this plan was and how the splendid army which fifteen years of patient improvement had recreated towards 1885 remained inactive or was wasted on expeditions overseas, thanks to the waverings of French diplomacy.

Still this was not the worst, and we must come to the Dreyfus Affair—the stumbling block to which all the avenues of contemporary French history invariably lead—to see what became of the labour of our officers during a period of almost thirty years. It would be too long to dwell on the dissemination of pacifist ideas and of an insulting distrust of the Head Staff, which, however, was the most dangerous result of the Dreyfusist agitation. Suffice it to remind the reader that the Dreyfusist Governments which ruled France during the hegemony of Jaurès, from 1898 till 1904, were not content with the deadly atmosphere they produced, but took measures which promptly caused the army to lose all the ground it had gained.

The object was to substitute a civilised and truly modern army for an uncivilised one. The army had been regarded so far as an instrument of war: it should become an instrument of culture, and with a view to this end it ought to be entirely in the hands of the civil power. This multifarious object was secured (a) by the division between two generals of the authority so far in the hands of the Generalissimo, and by the consequent superiority of the War Minister, who, naturally, should be a civilian; (b) by the suppression of the Supreme Council founded by M. de Freycinet with which rested the promotion of superior officers; (c) by the suppression of the Information Service—the counterpart of the German spying system—which, under Colonel Sandher, had been brought to an unhopèd-for perfection; (d) by the institution of the notorious espionage which centred on the private opinions of officers the surveillance once turned on the military advance of Germany.

The results of this policy were not long in appearing to experienced eyes. To the outsider they remained a matter of doubt until the Tangier affair, in 1905, revealed to the most sceptical that Jaurès, helped by Pelletan and General André, had completely disarmed France. It is probably at that period that an English

observer, comparing what he had seen at the manœuvres of the French and the German armies, felt sure that the latter would pass through their opponents as if they were brown paper. No wonder, but the same specialist would have been surprised had he been in a position to see the difference the moment the French realised once more that war and peace were not mere words.

M. Rouvier, M. Clemenceau, M. Etienne, even M. Messimy in his first tenure of office, did much towards remedying a state of affairs for which their political friends had been largely responsible. But the man who has a right to the title of restorer of the military power of France is M. Millerand. He also had been a Socialist, a believer in progress. But his clear, virile intelligence looked for progress in comprehension and efforts, not in a vague expectation of better things. His social tendency had been Reformism with the active collaboration of workmen and the least admixture possible of parliamentary talk. His tendency, when he became Minister of War, was to go to the most intelligent officers and to work with them. Cold in manner and guarded in expression as he is, he soon betrayed in his speeches how impressed he was, not only by the patriotism and devotion to their work of his collaborators, but by the mastery of some of them. Who these were became known only gradually, for the army man is quiet and the consciousness of the demagogic jealousy makes him more anxious to do his work anonymously. Yet the names of these officers: Generals Joffre, de Castelnau, and Pau, after a time became familiar. Who they were, what their personal character and the tendency of their action might be remained comparatively obscure. The three of them had fought in 1870, and Pau was well known to have lost an arm in the campaign, but they were young officers then, and since 1870 not much had been said about them. While men like Gallieni, d'Amade, and Lyauté were universally popular for acquitting themselves brilliantly in colonial expeditions, Joffre,\* de Castelnau, and Pau were as remote from public notice as the untried German generals whom they are opposing to-day. A few specialists were indeed aware that Joffre had built the fortifications of several important colonial stations, and spoke of him as a great engineer, but this is the kind of distinction which appeals the least to the general public.

General de Castelnau was supposed to have devoted three or four years to the mobilisation of which we saw the success in August. It was frequently repeated that General Joffre associated him with all his efforts and that it was to the credit of either man, as Castelnau was well known to be a devout Catholic and Joffre, on the contrary, a determined anti-clerical.

Of Pau even less was said until the Three Years' Service Law came under discussion in 1913. The officers who had served under him both idolised and feared *le manchot* (the one-armed man), but this is no rarity in the army. When the military law was placed on the table M. Millerand chose Pau as Commissioner for the Government and treated him with a deference which struck everybody, but at his first encounter with the babbling deputies' cocksure ignorance the general lost his temper and left the Chamber scandalised and doubtful.

This is practically all that the non-military knew about the triumvirate Joffre, Castelnau, and Pau, when the war began. Since then little has been added to our knowledge. Joffre claimed a special distinction for Castelnau after the battle near the Marne, and the testimony he bore of him sounded full of meaning in his reticent language; Pau was said to have been responsible for the capture of a hundred and seventy guns in the first days of the German retreat, but nothing else has been heard about him since. Of Joffre himself we know nothing except what we may gather

\*The name Joffre seems to interest and almost mystify the British public. It is only the Southern variation of *Jauffre* and the direct offspring of *Geoffroy*. *Jauffret*, *Jouffroy*, and *Geoffrin* are other forms as familiar in France as the English variations of *Geoffrey*.

from the least effusive orders ever written and from the history of the present campaign, so incomplete in its rough outlines that it strikes us when we review it as an affair of hundreds of years ago seen through the barest chronology. Some critics find fault with his strategy, but the mistakes they point out are those which I myself, blind as a bat as I am in military matters, would have avoided, and, noticing this, I remain lost in uncertainty.

On the whole, what the average Frenchman knows of the present Head Staff rests upon testimony. M. Millerand, who is undoubtedly one of the nearest approaches to a statesman now in existence in Europe, believed in these men, and whoever has lived in or near military circles in the past three years must have heard many times the affirmation that "if war must come, let it come while Joffre, Castelnau, and Pau are together", and never a reply to the contrary.

This is not much for curiosity, but it is a great deal for hope, which is something, and for judgment, which is everything.

### GERMAN MUSIC AND THE PRUSSIAN SPIRIT.—I.

BY JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

WHAT is the secret of the decay of German music? A correspondent of the SATURDAY REVIEW has suggested that Strauss's "*Salomé*" is characterised by "languorous and stifling strains" which nauseate, and that the harmonies of "*Elektra*" are "fierce and brutal". This does not take us far. These things have little to do with the modern German spirit, or, as I much prefer to call it, the Prussian spirit? If "brutal harmonies" and "languorous strains" are to prove anything, are to support in the slightest degree any theory, what shall we infer from the fierce harmonies of Scriabin, the Russian, and the languour of Debussy, the Frenchman? The harmonies of "*Elektra*" are those of "*Salomé*"; those of "*Salomé*" the harmonies of "*Elektra*"; in neither the one opera nor the other is there anything harsher than can be found in the works of both Scriabin and Stravinsky. Modern German music does, indeed, reflect the modern German mind and ambition, and in a way none the less striking and convincing because it cannot be analysed and defined in a vague and general charge. Long before Treitschke's time battle-pieces were painted, and we cannot truthfully say that they were inspired or affected by the Prussian spirit. Violent music and voluptuous music were put to paper before Strauss, and the fact of Strauss doing so to-day does not prove the domination of the Prussian spirit over his mind. All the same, Prussian ambitiousness and ideals do manifest their accursed selves in the music of Strauss and all the younger German composers, and it is perhaps worth while looking for the real signs of the deterioration and utter degradation at a time when the Germans are smashing every lovely and precious object that comes within range of their guns.

Wagner may sleep more easily in his grave if he has any means of learning in his underworld that writers in the English reviews find no traces of the modern or Hunnish spirit in his music, that they approve of his music. Whether he turns restively as he thinks of his prose-writings is rather more a matter of reasonable doubt. It is in those writings we find the first indications of the pretentious spirit we all abhor and spurn aside from the musical mind. Wagner wrote more articles and essays than any other composer, not excepting, I believe, our beloved and very loquacious Berlioz. He was terribly addicted to the word Culture, and by Culture he meant only German Culture. If anyone asks me what he meant by the term I am like his own Tristan: "Indeed, I cannot tell thee". Our difficulty is not lightened by the struggles he made to understand for himself the significance of the word German—e.g., "What is German?" and, indeed, *passim*, I am bound to assume—though it is the merest guess—that he meant the

tastes and habit of mind fostered by study of Goethe, Schiller, Feuerbach, and Schopenhauer, and the musical works of Beethoven and himself. It may have included as well an instinctive aversion to the Jews—who were, by the way, his ablest lieutenants, even if he was not one himself. Anyhow, the term apparently had for him a distinct meaning, and the stress he laid on the qualifying word German is shown by the scorn he poured on his own nation in "A Capitulation", where the apostle (as he considered) of French culture, Victor Hugo, makes a triumphant entry into the Fatherland. It is not the culture of Treitschke and the German Chancellor: it does not consist of wanton cruelty and Krupp guns; and it shows the modern influence chiefly in its impudent, arrogant, if naïve and somewhat comical, assumption that no other culture existed worth mentioning beside it.

As Wagner grew older this national arrogance strengthened in him. The amended version of the magnificent essay on Beethoven, which I reckon the finest piece of musical criticism ever penned, is sorely damaged by allusion to "the world-conquerors". This was immediately after 1871, when Wagner's fellow-countrymen, the Saxons, had been driven upon the foe by their leaders, and had returned as heroes. Throughout the later writings we find hints of the *Welt-Politik*; bits of flattery also offered to the Prussian king who had conquered Saxony and Bavaria not less than France. But allowances must be made. Wagner was intent on realising his Bayreuth dream, and he showed himself a little of a Prussian in allowing nothing to stand in his way. The friends who willingly helped him he mercilessly exploited; those who opposed him he trampled on—or tried to; the "neutral powers" he reckoned Laodiceans, and as good, therefore, or as bad, as declared enemies. Such a man would not stick at a little bounce that might please world-conquering ears. It brought him nothing. The dedication of the glorious Kaisermarsch, hailing in sickening phrases (I refer to the words), brought him a beggarly nothing. What cared (or care) the Hohenzollerns for music while there were guns to be made.

We see, then, in the prose works these few more or less significant hints of the new German attitude of mind, amounting on the whole to an intolerable pretentiousness, partly personal, but vastly augmented by the tide of national vainglory which swept away Wagner and many others. How does all this touch his music? it will be asked. Let us glance at the librettos of the man's art-work, where, at any rate, he was always sincere. In "Lohengrin" we have the prophecy that German arms will always be victorious. Well, in our English operas, from Purcell's "King Arthur" to Arne's, we find a deal of boasting; though it must be admitted there is a difference between "Britons never will be slaves" and "Deutschland über alles". In "The Mastersingers" comes out Wagner's childish and harmless belief that song is "our" (German) art—forgetting Italy, the low countries, and even England, England which employed him, an exile, rejected of Germany; England which sent Beethoven, his idol, the last money he ever earned and did not live to receive. In the case of a normal being, even one of supreme talent, the intellectual convictions must have reacted on the creative faculty, and, besides shaping and colouring the music, must have determined the ideas to which he designed giving dramatic form. But Wagner the thinker was altogether different from Wagner the artist. When the artist rose up in his strength the cold thinker retired in confusion. He said that when he wrote "Tristan" he found he had got far beyond his theories. He had not—he had taken an entirely different road. The theories simply did not lie on the path leading from "Lohengrin" to the riper works. Anyhow, when we consider the "Ring" we see the reason of Nietzsche's instinctive rebellion against Wagner. Nietzsche was the teacher and scornor of Treitschke, and the central idea of the "Ring" is in dead opposition to all that he preached. Here is the fundamental, essential Wagner. Not the moral, but

the basis, the material, of the "Ring" is that a world-domination by force can only be achieved by the sacrifice of the highest attributes of our manhood. The four operas work out Wotan's struggles to attain universal power without surrendering his manhood—for his godhead is only manhood at the 7th power; his writhings and wriggings and tortuous courses are all in vain, and in the final *débâcle* the hell he has let loose consumes him, his satellites, and his Walhalla—his Berlin. Old Kaiser Wilhelm saw the "Ring"—did he understand it? Frederick needed no such lesson. The present emperor has often sat it out; and it is obvious that the lesson has fallen on blind eyes and deaf ears. The cannon drowns all other music. Wotan was over-ruled by the Will to Power until he saw its emptiness and unfeasibility. Even Alberich, who had put away as encumbrances the essential qualities of manhood as completely and finally as Treitschke or Bernhardt, is an utter failure: this world is so constituted that the thing cannot be done. There is, I say, no moral to the "Ring": simply Wagner set forth in dramatic form what to him was a self-evident truth.

And the music? To Wagner a mastery of the material and devices of his art was indispensable, not for the sake of these things, but of the emotion to be expressed through them. The most tremendous of his utterances, to a musician, is the simple advice he gave to young composers: never modulate from one key to another while the original key serves you to say what you have to say. The glory and splendour of the earth, its loveliness and terrible beauty, filled his soul and found their way into his music; the tempests and passions of the spirit, its infinite longings, ecstasies, despairs, and its precious hours of golden serenity, all are there: the one thing of which no trace can be found is a vainglorious rejoicing in his own strength. As great a contrapuntist as Bach or Handel, he never, as they often do, employs his skill to bridge over an empty page: every rift is loaded with ore: he never spoke unless he had something to say, unless his heart overflowed and he had to find the notes. His intellectual route may have been at times modified by Prussian aspirations: his soul remained to the last unsmirched.

#### DUSK.

THE last apples have been brought in. The store-room, which saw during the long, wide months such a coming and going of soft, perishable, summer stuff, is quiet now, filled with the more lasting bounty of the year. Another summer will have dawned long before the last of the company of honies, sweet pickles, and many-hued preserves is removed from the well-scrubbed shelves.

You must pick your way across the floor amidst the battalions of ruddy fruit and the piled sacks filled with good sound stuff all earthy-skinned from the kitchen garden. In the darkest corner great pale marrows are laid down to wait for the time when green-stuff is scarce. If you are quite still you can discover, just tinging the wholesome rankness of the enclosed odours, the faint pungency of the bunched herbs hanging from the rafters.

The presence of so much hard-won treasure decently put by in the background enhances the house-sense. The feeling of the sheltering roof-tree, grown so faint during the open months, begins to cast its spell once more over the homestead group. The white plaques of the laurustinus gleam from amongst the evergreens in the depleted front garden. The face of the house is bare save for the thicket of leafage foaming up against the lower window-sills, showing here and there a single blossom of watery blue.

It was bright and warm this morning, and you could hear the singing of wasps amongst the lingering ivy-flowers. As the sun shone suddenly forth at its westering from under a heavy brow of cloud and caught a show of colour from the hedge, the unruined green and yellow of the hornbeam, the full glow of winter berries,

and the form of the little scarlet-vested bird fluting from its twig in the thicket, it seemed for a moment that the high, wide days were not long past: would soon return. Perhaps this year the winter deeps will fail you, the little span of dark days that used to seem so long will pass and you will not taste their sweetness. . . .

Snuffing up the rich organic air as you make your way to the turnip-field from the musty tool-shed, you know that faint and new, woven into the moving spaces—so lately filled with the essences of summer, soaked now with the heavy fragrance of her death—might be found the chill crude odour of sleeping buds.

But once out here in the field you are reassured. The afternoon has grown grey. You can almost touch the homely sky. Each day it draws the thick curtains of the darkness closer round the drowsy earth. Sunrise and sunset are almost linked above her slumbers. The modest sun rides gently up. Your eyes, alert and calm already with the day's work well begun, need miss none of the pageant of his rising. He takes the lower pathway across the sky and has turned before you are aware, whilst the business of noonday still holds you, and dropped towards his tempered evening splendour.

Adventure is at an end for the year. The strain of the high, glad days is over. You met their challenge. You went forth with the summer. The long, long spans of light found you sleepless. You missed no dawn. No scent of the long twilights went unmarked. The hurried, shallow little nights, scarcely more than a deepened gloaming, pierced so soon by the relentless point of morning afforded you the barest pittance of repose. Earth faring forth decked—flaming and insistent, burgeoning and blossoming—tested you to the uttermost. Now is the time of return and the sweetness of rest. She welcomes you gently. She makes no demands. She almost seems, this low, quiet afternoon, to plead for forbearance. She will be your quiet companion. . . . Presently, pausing a moment from your quiet work, standing erect without raising your eyes, resting your brow against the cool throbbing stillness, you are aware of a deep tranquillity . . . one of those gleaming spaces where all the scattered things of life meet and die in one full beat that presses forward . . . urged and confident . . . naked and wise like some new-born thing.

Some sound will break. Something that will come out of the darkening air and fill you with the joy of response. You raise your head and look across the fields. There, just one field away, creeping silently up the low hill-side, is the first winter dusk. There is no mistaking her. She bears no likeness to the thin, unscented, wind-swept twilights of spring. Nor are the aching summer gloamings nor the long ripe purplings of autumn her sisters. She comes, trailing, sweet and misty, glooming and chill. She surprises you in your strength, while the zest of the day is hardly dimmed.

Slowly she glides on and up. She has reached the garden. She is seeking the house at the top of the hill. She is taking the winter indoors. She marks the end of the interim days, of evenings odious with closed windows—"out doors" shut away and, as yet, no incense on the hearth. She has draped her mantle across the doorway. You know, as you follow her with your thoughts, that she will be driven from the warm kitchen by the harsh yellow beam of the unshaded lamplight.

You leave your task and follow her up the hillside. The house is rich with her presence. Her dark mantle, left in the doorway, is jewelled with a little hanging lamp.

Quietly you knock the soil from the rims of your boots. She will be waiting alone in the room at the end of the passage.

From the kitchen comes the rattle of cups and saucers. The parlour lamp stands ready on the bracket. In another moment you will be too late. You reach the door. It is ajar. No one has heard you.

When the household came in tedious talk had a strange witchery. As you listened, responded, glowed, planned, felt your zestful way to another day's work, somewhere deep within you was woven the memory of the perfect indoor gift of yet another winter—a warm glooming silence—black-spun spaces tunnelling away into the fathomless blossoming caverns of the wood-fire.

## TWO EPIGRAMS.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

### A PARAPHRASE.

["With such an army we shall victoriously finish the rest of our heavy task, in which may the Almighty assist us."—Telegram from the Kaiser to the King of Saxony.]

"OF course our task's triumphant consummation  
Is certain"—(thus the Imperial text we  
"edit");

"But if the Almighty lend collaboration,  
So much the better—for the Almighty's credit."

### TO A VINTNER OF PARNASSUS.

WINE, to be worth the name, must needs have one  
Of two good things—body or *bouquet*. Either  
Will help it down a willing throat to run;  
But the vast wash you pour as from the tun  
Has neither.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR E. GREY'S "SIX WARNINGS TO GERMANY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 October 1914.

SIR,—In the "Times" last week appeared a letter by Mr. George A. B. Dewar, in which the question was asked whether we could have prevented, or at any rate have indefinitely deferred, the war by clearer and firmer diplomacy; and in particular whether we really gave Germany to understand that if she went to war with France she would have to reckon with Great Britain. Six "warnings" were adduced by the writer to prove that we did so give Germany to understand and to justify our diplomacy.

With deference I submit Sir E. Grey's "warnings", as warnings, were entirely superfluous, and that their giving or withholding could have had no influence whatever on the outbreak of the war. The epilogue to General von Bernhardt's book makes this amply clear, as does the passage in Mr. Asquith's recent speech at Cardiff, wherein he refers to Germany's impudent request for our unconditional neutrality in 1912.

Germany knew full well and fully appreciated without further "warnings" that an unprovoked attack by her upon France meant war with us. She thought, however, in the language of Bernhardt, that she had "so shuffled the cards" by her diplomacy as to stand in the position desiderated by that writer of being able to overthrow one antagonist before the other could intervene, and to have jockeyed Russia into playing the rôle of the aggressor.

True the situation was not ideal from the Bernhardt standpoint. He would have had France the aggressor; but *faute de mieux*, and in view of the remodelling of the Russian Army, it was not to be rejected.

Moreover, there was a possibility that France would be reluctant to interfere in a matter so slightly bearing on her interests as the Serbian affair, a possibility indeed which might well become a probability could Great Britain be induced to change her policy. Great Britain's steadfastness and Austria's weakening attitude under pressure of Sir E. Grey's conference proposals eviscerated the situation. In view of the latter, Russian aggression could no longer be

counted upon, whilst the former rendered French participation in the struggle almost certain.

Under these circumstances a Bismarck, or even a Bernhardt, if left to himself, would probably have postponed "the day" and awaited the achievement of a more perfect production of "political preparation". Their disciples, however, in their purblind folly, seemed to have thought that it was quite the best opportunity they were likely to meet with, and determined on precipitating a war with two Powers. England's contemptible little army did not count, and, moreover, by violating Belgian neutrality, "the smashing blow" would be delivered before that army had even been mobilised. Great Britain, in German eyes, ceased to be an important factor in the situation when she declined to act as brakesman to France. Failing her direct support, her direct hostility, though certain, was negligible, and one doesn't need "warnings" against that which one is well aware of and which does not alarm.

Yours faithfully,

W. R. W.

#### POETRY OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Langstones, 39, Bidston Road, Oxtou,

29 September 1914.

SIR,—I read with much interest Mr. John Palmer's article on the "Poetry of the War" in your issue of 12 September. But, in connection with his objection to Mr. Henry Newbolt's poem, "The Vigil", may I point out that, although it was published in the "Times" at the beginning of August, it was not written in connection with this war?

What year it was written in I do not know; but it is published in the volume, "Collected Poems, 1897-1907", by Henry Newbolt (Nelson's edition). Therefore, I think he can hardly be said to be "taking us away from the reality of war and valour on the plains of Belgium" by his constraining symbolism, when the possibility of such a war can hardly have been in his thoughts when he framed "the archaic picture". The beautiful idea embodied in "The Vigil" was most inspiring at the time of its republication.

Yours truly,

KATHLEEN M. WORRALL.

[We cannot publish any more letters on this subject.—  
ED. S.R.]

#### LORD ACTON AND TREITSCHKE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bournemouth, 3 October 1914.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know what Lord Acton thought of the Prussian historian, Treitschke, concerning whom the SATURDAY REVIEW has printed some articles lately. "He writes" (said Lord Acton 28 years ago) "with the force and fire of Mommsen, of a time remembered by living men. . . . He marshals his forces on a broader front than any other man, and accounts for the motives that stir the nation as well as for the councils that govern it."

In Lord Acton all men who have the historic instinct, who know anything about this side of thought and research, recognise one of the most profound, widely read and cultivated historians of all time.

What are we to think then of the attempt lately to belittle the noble lectures and prophetic work and fire of Professor Cramb simply because he has borne witness to the undoubted patriotic genius of Treitschke and because he intensely desired our nation to rouse itself to the call of empire and national defence?

Professor Cramb's book—prefaced by Mr. Bradley, one of Oxford's choicest spirits and scholars in pure literature—should be put into the hands of all our boys and young men, despite the decadents, Little Englanders, idlers and wastrels and selfish commercialists, who are against national service and training and patriotism.

Yours faithfully,

AN ENGLISHMAN.

#### NIETZSCHE'S SUPERMAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

94, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W.,

29 September 1914.

SIR,—How far the individual writer is able to transcend the spirit of the age in which he lives and of the nation to which he belongs may be difficult to decide in particular instances; but, as a general rule, it can be taken for granted that the literary man expresses the age in which he lives and the country that gave him birth. Some writers, such as Tolstoi, are peculiarly the product of their native country.

Nietzsche is German to the core. In spite of the present exhibition of "culture", the German mind has in the past been distinguished for its philosophic idealism and its mysticism. About the middle of the last century a great change came over the German spirit. As one of their writers has put it, the national mind began to wake out of the mystical dreamland in which it had dwelt for centuries, and looked out upon the practical world of modern life. It developed the desire to act and to achieve instead of simply to think. The immediate result was tremendous. It secured German ascendancy in Europe and promised to sweep everything before it. Thus the philosopher became at once the man of action.

In this atmosphere Nietzsche grew up. As a literary man he was the sensitive on whom the currents of national aspirations formed an indelible impression. He not only reflected his country's yearnings for a larger life, but refined and ennobled them in passionate longings for a higher type of man, a glorious being, infinitely superior to the existing race. So far, so good. It is one thing to dream, and another to act. There is an immense gulf between theory and practice, as Nietzsche found out.

"Res nolunt diu male administrari." Whatever term we use—Fate, Nemesis, Karma, Law of Evolution—it all comes back to the same thing: Man cannot mismanage his affairs with impunity. There are certain things that must not be done by the individual who wants to keep on good terms with Nature. Thus, the brain that is goaded on incessantly with violent ideas and conceptions becomes unbalanced and eventually incurable. Nietzsche's whole conception of Superman is fundamentally wrong. In spite of his constant reference to "Will" and "Will to Power", it is clear that the writer had not the faintest notion of what constitutes "Will". A far more philosophical conception of Superman is presented in Lytton's "Coming Race", which, in many respects, reveals a remarkable insight into the finer forces of Nature. All that Nietzsche succeeded in delineating was the super-maniac, a monster repudiated and scorned by Nature as the abortion of a philosopher hopelessly insane.

This point must be insisted upon, for it has been claimed that Nietzsche has exercised an immense influence throughout the German intellectual world. Now comes the inevitable Nemesis—"Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat".

ARTHUR LOVELL.

#### "AN UHLAN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 September 1914.

SIR,—Your correspondent "W." suggests that "Uolane" is wrong and "Oolan" right in regard to the pronunciation of U-h-l-a-n.

When I was at school in Germany, many years ago, I was taught that German is a phonetic language and that the first letter in their alphabet is sounded like our "a" in the word "father". Therefore U-h-l-a-n can only spell "Oolarne", and if you were to refer to light cavalry in the Fatherland as so many "Oolans", people might not know what you meant.

A TYNESIDE READER.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD AND MORAL CAUSES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springbank, Hamilton,  
29 September 1914.

SIR,—A caution and a consolation, given by Matthew Arnold in one of his works, deserve to be called to mind at the present moment:

"Some caution or other, to be drawn from the inexhaustibly fruitful truth that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of States, who is there that can be said not to need? One consolation remains to us, and that no slight or unworthy one. The individual Englishman, whenever and wherever called upon to do his duty, does it almost invariably with the old energy, courage, virtue. And this is what we gain by having had, as a people, in the ground of our being, a firm faith in conduct; by having believed, more steadfastly and fervently than most, this great law that moral causes govern the standing and falling of men and nations".

Yours, etc.,

JAMES BELL.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Talbot House, Arundel Street, Strand,  
5 August 1914.

SIR,—I quite agree with Mr. Palmer Downing when he says, in a letter appearing in your issue of 1 August, that he "cannot understand how anyone could find any sort of reflection on the real teaching of Christ", for the following is his teaching: "These signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover", and "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also". Christian Science does not teach, as your critic asserts, "that there is no pain"—that is, to the physical senses. In "Science and Health", page 460, Mrs. Eddy writes: "Sickness is neither imaginary nor unreal—that is, to the frightened, false sense of the patient. Sickness is more than fancy; it is solid conviction. It is therefore to be dealt with through right apprehension of the truth of being." Your critic also says, "The Eddy Church's answer to their failures is 'The world will encroach sometimes'". Christian Scientists say nothing of the kind, and are quite willing to abide by the verdict of Jesus when he told his disciples that the reason why they could not heal the case of the lunatic boy was because of their lack of spiritual understanding. These are his words: "Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you. Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting". However, Christian Scientists are unspeakably grateful for the little spiritual understanding they have gained, and for the fruits which are following the application of this understanding.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

## THE NEW GENERATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We are anxious to draw your attention to the Women's League of Service Dining Rooms for Mothers. This League, the head office of which is at 11A, Mortimer Street, W., has now in London and its vicinity the following dining-rooms, where daily dinners are served free or

at a cost of a halfpenny or a penny a meal, according to the case, to expectant and nursing mothers:—

26, Cumming Street, King's Cross.  
36, Lisson Street, Marylebone.  
111, Bridge Road West, Battersea.  
188, Blythe Road, Hammersmith.  
49, Church Street, Minories, Stepney.  
184, Canterbury Road, Croydon.

At this time of stress and want it seems, perhaps, one of the Nation's greatest duties to look after women who are doing their highest duty to the Nation in providing it with the new generation, and to help them to make that generation physically and mentally fit to take up the work of the world. Many of these children's fathers are now fighting for us, and surely we shall wish them, when they come back to their homes, to find that in their absence we have gladly borne the charge of looking after the women and children in the time of their greatest need; and for those women whose husbands do not come back to them, and who have given their greatest gift to their country, let us at any rate do all in our power to make them the mothers of healthy children instead of victims of scrofula, rickets, tuberculosis, and other ills, too often the result of under-feeding in the prenatal period. These dining-rooms feed women of the poor class, in which the last person in the family to be fed is always the mother, and by giving them daily—during these months before and after the birth of their children—a dinner which is all that it should be, we are helping to provide, as well as a fine citizen for the future generation, a mother who is able now to face the daily struggle better, and who has the strength to keep her home as it should be kept. In this moment when we must think of economy this charity is one which is doing a great work in the most economical as well as the most enlightened way, and in common with all others who have infant welfare at heart, we realise how great is the need for expansion. The dining-rooms are under the supervision of qualified medical women and are models of cleanliness. The food is of excellent quality and of the sort needed by the women, and it is provided at the lowest cost possible. In the grey lives of these women the daily time in the dining-rooms is often the one bright spot, and there they can get not only food for their bodies, but help and friendship from the workers and medical advice for their babies, who are weighed weekly by the medical women at each centre.

These dining-rooms have been quietly doing their splendid work for the Nation for some years, but in the present crisis the number of the women asking for help grows daily larger. The dining-rooms feed civil as well as naval and military wives, including the wives of regulars, territorials and all newly enlisted, and are entirely undenominational, unsectarian, and unpolitical, and the "waiting list" is crying for help. We are sure if the work were more widely known many would eagerly respond to its cry and help these hungry mothers and their little ones, and by so doing help in the best possible way the England of the future.

Any donations or subscriptions will be most gratefully received and should be paid to:

Dudley Cocke, Esq.,  
Chartered Accountant,  
44, Gresham Street, E.C.

who will at once forward a receipt for the same.

Offers of personal service at the dining-rooms will also be most welcome.

Yours faithfully,

A. F. LONDON (Bishop of).  
CHARLES BERESFORD (Admiral).  
SYDENHAM (G.C.M.G.).  
PHYLLIS SYDENHAM.  
ANDERSON CRITCHETT (C.V.O., M.A.).  
JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE (M.R.C.S., F.R.S.E., LL.D.).  
VICTOR HORSLEY (F.R.S., B.S., F.R.C.S.).  
W. B. RICHMOND (K.C.B., R.A.).  
MARY SCHARLIEB (M.D., M.S.).  
H. D. RAWNSLEY (Canon).  
J. S. RISIEN RUSSELL (M.D., F.R.C.P.).  
R. J. CAMPBELL (Rev.).  
BERNARD VAUGHAN (Rev.).

## REVIEWS.

## LORD ROBERTS.

"The Life of Lord Roberts." By Sir George Forrest. Cassell. 16s. net.

SIR GEORGE FORREST has written a soldierly book, keeping, without exclamation, to fact and story. He allows his theme to shine by its own light. There could be no better way of writing a life of Lord Roberts. Lord Roberts requires no other witness than history. The plain tale of his sixty years is perhaps the finest national record on which the English of this generation have to look. It is a record to which we turn with a growing enthusiasm. Its greatness does not come suddenly upon the mind. There is nothing in the career of Lord Roberts of the theatrical, of the immediately dazzling. Of all the great men we know, Lord Roberts has the least pose, the least instinct for "effect". Yet as we read chapter by chapter the tale of his sixty years of loyal and vigilant service, many an historic reputation seems by comparison flashy and vainglorious. Never were the trumpets less loudly blown before an undoubted hero; and rarely in history could their emphasis have had a better warrant. Lieutenant Roberts—"little Roberts" of the letters and despatches of sixty years ago—was conspicuously a valiant soldier, quietly achieving immortal deeds of courage for which to-day he wears the Cross. Major-General Roberts—General of the Kuram Valley Field Force—was conspicuously a strategist of genius, achieving, in the second Afghan campaign, a success that will always be one of the most memorable victories of border warfare. Nevertheless, even in these years, when youth made pardonable a flush of pride, Roberts utterly failed to realise that he was in the least to be admired. We have to infer his valour from such a sentence as "Lieutenant Roberts was first at the guns". Or we read, in his own account of himself, just a grave chronicle of the facts. "I saw Young-husband fall", he tells us concerning the day on which he won the V.C., "but I could not go to his assistance, as at that moment one of his sowars was in dire peril from a Sepoy who was attacking him with his fixed bayonet, and had I not helped the man and disposed of his opponent he must have been killed. The next moment I descried two Sepoys making off with a standard, which I determined must be captured; so I rode after the rebels and overtook them, and while wrenching the staff out of the hands of one of them, whom I cut down, the other put his musket close to my body and fired: fortunately for me it missed fire, and I carried off the standard". The passage is typical of the way in which Lord Roberts has always regarded himself—neither more nor less than an average plain soldier working as the moment called for his country. His whole career is in the spirit of those grave and splendid sentences—"So I rode after the rebels and overtook them"; and, "Fortunately for me it missed fire, and I carried off the standard". They are the words of a soldier unaware of anything beyond having performed his simple duty. In the same way, as General of the Kuram Valley Field Force, he telegraphs: "The turning movement by the Spingawi Pass during night of 1st was most successful. The road was extremely difficult, and the distance longer than was expected. We reached the enemy just at daybreak, and took them completely by surprise". Who would guess that this is an account of a really brilliant feat of war that had hung anxiously in the balance between victory and disaster? But we have not yet done. The sequel of this telegram was a Division Order: "Major-General Roberts congratulates the Kuram Field Force," etc. The result, he declares, is "most honourable"—for the men. Here we have another prevailing note of Lord Roberts's great career. He has never omitted to insist upon the fine work of his colleagues. He is as generous in appreciation of all who help him as he is sparing in the knowledge of his own competence. He has never engrossed a triumph to himself or willingly accepted anything but a bare recognition that he, like every other officer and man

of the Army engaged, has done what his position required of him.

It is this amazing modesty for himself and generous appreciation for others that most insistently appeals to the reader of this chronicle. Only after that are we free to notice how this great soldier—who has never advanced an arrogant claim to know best, who has never, when the event has proved his wisdom, stooped to remind his countrymen of things foreseen and foretold—is invariably wise and just and merciful; careful of his men and courteous to the enemy; yet at the same time the sternest of leaders in battle, requiring the best his subordinates can do, smiting the hostile party with all his force. Lord Roberts's care for the well-being of his soldiers is officially recorded in the reforms of discipline he effected as Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army. But there are in this book a thousand illustrations of the perfect blend in his character of firmness with compassion. Lord Roberts is always able to reconcile a solicitous consideration for individual sufferers, whether of his own or the enemy's party, with a resolute determination not to allow the main point to be overridden by false sentiment. Perhaps the best illustration of this is in his dealing with Cronje in South Africa. His correspondence with Cronje will be famous as long as men are called to take a reasonable way between sense and sentiment. "I have only heard to-day", Lord Roberts writes, "that there are women and children in your laager. If this is the case, I will be happy to accord them a safe conduct through my lines to any place they may select. I must express my regret to you that these women and children were exposed to our fire during the late attacks. We did not know of their presence with your troops. I have also heard that you are in want of surgeons and medicines. If you require them, it will afford me great pleasure to send you either the one or the other". Cronje refused the safeguard and attached to the sending of surgeons a stipulation which might have deprived Lord Roberts of the use of his surgeons for his own army for an indefinite period. "I am compelled reluctantly to withdraw the offer" was the only possible answer of Lord Roberts. His compassion for the enemy never took the form of putting his own people at a disadvantage. A little later in the campaign Cronje proposed that Lord Roberts should allow a hospital to be put up "one thousand yards to the west of my laager". Cronje's object was to get a thousand yards more cover for his men along the river bank. But Lord Roberts has never been easily deceived. He repeated his original offer, of surgeons and medicines: nothing more.

Sir George Forrest closes his book in the following simple paragraph: "All Lord Roberts's actions have been unfolded since he joined the Bengal Artillery, and the verdict is left, with some confidence, to history". Sir George Forrest is to be cordially thanked for his "unfolding" of so moving a story—unfolding it without false airs of a privileged biographer, but in a simple soldierly conviction that the facts of Lord Roberts's career should at this time be allowed to speak for themselves. Upon every page of his record there is something to charm and to inspire; and there are times when we realise, with respect and humility, that we are in the presence of the heroic. We feel this perhaps most profoundly when we see Lord Roberts putting away his private grief and, in the darkest days of modern England, sailing for a battlefield to take up a burden which had proved too heavy for men of less experience and wisdom in war. We feel it again when—having laid down his last high military office—he embarked upon that campaign of warning and prophecy which only began to be heeded when the time for his simple remedy was past. Sir George Forrest permits himself to call Lord Roberts's preaching of National Service the "Last Glorious Campaign"; and we can well allow him the enthusiastic word. Lord Roberts will be remembered as one of the men who have saved the Empire, and it will not be forgotten that, having saved the Empire from foreign

enemies without, he embarked, at an age when most men consider they are privileged to rest, upon an ever greater task—to save England from the peril in herself. Now that destiny has reinforced his appeal with war, Lord Roberts may live to see his greater task accomplished.

#### A BRITISH SAILOR.

**"The Memoirs of Lord Charles Beresford." Written by Himself. Introduction and Notes by L. Cope Cornford. Methuen. 2 Vols. 30s. net.**

HERE is a great glamour about the name Beresford, and we cannot ascribe its origin wholly to any one cause. The episode of the "Condor" at Alexandria is among the heroic things in our sea history, but it would be doing too much honour to the public to pretend that its memory has not been weakened by the passage of thirty odd years. Lord Charles Beresford's frequent presence in the House of Commons has, of course, made him a host of friends and a good number of strictly political enemies; but the real wonder of his Parliamentary record is his escape from the obscurity which so often hedges the most capable of Service members. Probably the real secret of his prestige everywhere is to be found in his personality. His book is the chronicle of a fine fighter's career. From first to last it burns and bubbles with its author's tremendous vitality, and the memoirs—for all their admirable modesty of tone—inevitably suggest a man who, in his love of adventure, whether afloat or ashore, on service or at play, campaigning or electioneering, simply cannot escape the attention of the crowd.

In the first place it is to be remembered that Lord Charles is an Irishman, and of that fact, indeed, he never tires of reminding us. The joy of battle, then, is in his blood. More than half a century has gone since as naval cadet he first climbed on board the "Marlborough", and was greeted by the boatswain's mate's remark that "the white-faced little beggar" could not be long for this world; yet to-day he gives no sign of willingness to accept retirement and "port after stormy seas". In his preface he tells us that he hopes the story of his life may give pleasure to boys and girls, as well as to their elders; and we have no doubt of the welcome his memoirs will receive from all those who value a vigorous chronicle of deeds and can appreciate the spirit of one who is a fighter at all seasons. No romance of the sea could be as inspiring as this true tale lighted by the fires of immortal youth.

It is more than a little difficult to realise immediately the greatness and the number of the changes which may take place in the Service during a single officer's career. "Britannia's bulwarks" were still her "native oak" when Lord Charles Beresford first went to sea. "Steam", he tells us, "was never used except under dire necessity, or when entering harbour, or when exercising steam tactics as a fleet. The order to raise steam cast a gloom over the entire ship. The chief engineer laboured under considerable difficulties. He was constantly summoned on deck to be forcibly condemned for 'making too much smoke'." Sobriety was reckoned no sort of good manners at the officers' mess, and the bad example was naturally followed by the crew. Discipline, to our modern notions, was in a rudimentary state, and it was no rare thing for an officer and a man to indulge in a match of hard swearing about the execution of an order. "In the old days", Lord Charles writes, "we would often overhear such a conversation as the following:—

Officer: 'Why the blank dash didn't you blank well do so-and-so when I told you?'

Man: 'Why didn't I? Because if I had I should have been blank well killed, and so would you.'

Officer: 'Damn you, sir, don't you answer me! I shall put you in the report.'

Man: 'Put me in the ruddy report, then!'

Nothing serious, we are assured, followed on this kind of chatter, though on a modern Dreadnought,

we fancy, it would provoke a demoralising panic such as the whole German fleet could not create. The truth is that in the days of sails rapid and independent action was supremely necessary. If a sailor saw anything wrong aloft there was no time to wait for orders. His affair was to run up and put it right, and, if he had acted with discretion, it was the part of a good commander to overlook the force with which he conducted his defence. Military uniformity and soldierly precision were quite out of place at sea, and that, perhaps, accounts in large measure for the charmingly human characteristics which mark some of the greatest naval officers of the past, and which shine the more brightly by reason of the brutal custom of their age.

The best part of the old tradition has been kept; the worst has gone. Time has simply worked its way with sails and oak. From these memories of fifty years we gather that the Service may have lost just a spice of its romance, though it has gained much in efficiency and more in comfort. The first ship on which Lord Charles Beresford put to sea had a tradition directly inherited from the days of Raleigh and Blake and Nelson, and he was but ill-pleased when he was condemned to make his second voyage in a "slovenly, unhandy tin kettle". Not for many years was he reconciled to the new conditions, and in those days every man worth his salt felt a like reluctance to accept this particular kind of change. But, looking back on the total of his experiences, the Admiral lets us see that the sum of his regrets is small. At Alexandria he found, if he had ever doubted it, that screw or sail made little difference to the fighting spirit of a ship. Political history has many saner chapters than that which tells of the English in Egypt, but for sheer gallantry it would be hard to beat the doings of the "Condor" when she "steamed down at full speed and engaged Fort Marabout". Quoting from a private letter, written a few days afterwards, Lord Charles says: "I thought we should have a real tough time of it, as I knew of the heavy guns, and I knew that one shot fairly placed must sink us". This sounds like taking something more than common risk of war. The author of these memoirs speaks of the "accidental circumstances" which won his ship her fame that day; it remains for the reader to pay tribute of admiration to the resolution and quick courage which knew how to seize a glorious chance.

Parliament and politics have, we fancy, given Lord Charles some of the opportunities of individual enterprise which seamen enjoyed in the days of sails. For the ordinary affairs of party, he tells us, he cares little or nothing; but it is quite clear that there has been in him from the first a furious desire to set things right in his own realm of naval affairs. One of the chief charms of his narrative is his ability to tell a story against himself, and one such, relating to his character as a midshipman, looks like a free gift to opponents at Westminster until we have read to the very end. "Wisdom" from babes, he says, was not appreciated on his first ship, but his mind and tongue ran without bridle. "Listen to this youngster laying down the law as if he knew better than Nelson"! cried a disgusted old mate on one occasion; and the future Admiral's zeal for reform was rewarded by twelve strokes with a dirk scabbard. Shortly afterwards, however, the plans advocated by the forward boy actually were adopted, though we are not given to understand that his championship of progressive ideas was then of any effective weight. One other tale, very much at the author's expense, is also worth repeating, since it shows that once at least he was left without an answer in debate and received as shrewd a knock as he ever gave. It was at the Kerry election of 1872, and "Are ye for Home Rule?" was the straight question put him by a compatriot in the street. "To hell with your Home Rule" was Lord Charles's equally straight answer, but the rest of the story can best be read as he has written it himself: "He hit me on the point of the nose, knocking me over backwards and effectually silencing my arguments for the space of an hour and a half".

A grand disregard for personal consequences has ever been characteristic of this fine fighter's career, and we realise from his book that it has always been accompanied by a high generosity towards his brethren in the Service. We could fill several columns with the handsome things he says of his brother officers. After the present war the place he has so long held in popular affection will doubtless be shared by several, but he will be the first to rejoice in this if the glory of the Navy stands where it did at Trafalgar. Yet, whatever befall, it will be well to remember that "the Navy, unlike the Army, is always on active service, and is perpetually practising in peace what it will be required to do in war. In the Navy the only difference between peace and war is that in war the target fires back". In honour of Lord Charles Beresford let it never be forgotten that in all his years given ungrudgingly to duty this saying has been true, "that a fleet of British line of battleships are the best negotiators in Europe".

#### THE TREASURES OF BAYEUX.

"The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry." Introduction and Narrative. By Hilaire Belloc. Colour facsimiles. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

AS far as he goes Mr. Belloc has made a most interesting book. He has treated his subject freshly and lucidly, making the whole story curiously living and intimate. Now and then, with well concealed art, he brings out the eternal human element of that remote yet for ever significant adventure of the Normans. As we should expect, it is when touching on the tactics of Hastings that he most clearly suggests the living actuality of that struggle. But we have this to say: if a writer with no knowledge of strategy and tactics, a writer for whom, indeed, such things existed not, were to be turned on to Mr. Belloc's weekly analyses of the war in France and in Russia, he would deal with the retreat from Mons or the battle of Augustovo much in the manner in which Mr. Belloc deals with the Bayeux Tapestries. That is to say, he would not be conscious of the inmost meaning of those operations any more than Mr. Belloc is aware of the real value of this extraordinary manifestation of art.

Without diminishing the lustre of these tapestries as historical documents we can at least claim for them an equal value as art; indeed, to rank them among the very great works of primitive art produced in any country, is to do them but bare justice. This book, with its complete series of illustrations (the general colour effect of which is a little heavy), will bring home to many who have not given the matter full consideration that in their way the masters who designed the Bayeux friezes are among the extraordinary phenomena of art history. Admitting all their necessary limitations in the way of perspective, anatomy and foreshortening, we yet find them adepts in distilling superb design and movement from subjects whose difficulties and complications would paralyse any living artist. These nameless masters (or mistresses, if one likes to take the feminist view of the problem) are, in fact, of the great company of monumental decorators. Their fellows in varying degree are the Egyptian wall painters, the Greek vase painters, and Uccello. If we are justified in concluding that the vase decorators were an echo of a far finer art of mural painting, we may at least wonder what was the tradition and the provenance from which the Bayeux Tapestries were derived. Obviously they cannot have been unique and comet-like apparitions; they must have been part of a school of which they are now the only sign.

Mr. Belloc's occasional difficulties in reconciling the tapestry with the story as given by Wace—for example, the positions of William and the sacred banner bearer in panel 56—seem to us perhaps solved by the technical considerations of design that engaged the artist. It is at least tenable that, having planned out his composition in its main masses and idea, the artist found that it would not do to have the lines made by William's mace and his followers' lances other than they now

are; indeed, we can see that were William and the banner-bearer to exchange places the design would be seriously weakened. Turning to another of Mr. Belloc's difficulties, the relative placing of the death and burial of Edward the Confessor, it becomes even clearer that the artist arranged the present design more to suit his composition than to represent chronological events literally. For the motif of panel 33 is Harold being offered the dead king's crown by messengers who bring him tidings that *le roi est mort*. It seemed essential to the artist that the messenger should point to the dead king on his bier; hence the body had to be placed on the right of the Westminster Abbey burial scene. In other words, the artist was an inventive and original person who conceived that his duty lay towards the demands of his art quite as much as towards those of mere accuracy in history.

Mr. Belloc just touches on the delightful beasts and birds, related obviously to the Bestiaries, that make the borders of the panels. These are of extraordinary interest and we should have liked a full statement of their nature and significance. Among them are many episodes of intriguing theme and the introduction of drawings from the nude is important. Not irrelevant in this context is the question of the artists' sex. It is generally assumed that women must have made these tapestries and the question of their design, as apart from their execution, has not, we believe, been fully discussed. That women should have been able at that date to design in this daring and perfect way seems to us improbable: certainly they have never repeated it. Everywhere in these panels are groups of extraordinary mastery in composition and everywhere a freedom and tense spirit that incontestably imply a fine tradition and thorough professional training. A close study of the internal evidence, an investigation of the mentality and conception exhibited in the figures themselves is impossible in this place. We can only state that to our mind there is *prima facie* evidence of masculine perception and interpretation. And to the sufficiently curious on this point we would suggest as a not insignificant detail the little group presumably of Adam and Eve, that occurs in the border of a panel. But it seems to us that more clinching evidence than any is afforded by the virile daring and accomplished resourcefulness of the whole scheme of decoration.

#### AN ANCIENT HOSPITAL.

"The Story of Bethlehem Hospital." By E. G. O'Donoghue. Unwin. 15s.

THE history of the treatment of lunacy during the Middle Ages is a record of appalling cruelty. Yet even in an age when the dark room and the whip were the orthodox medicine there were some who, like the author of "Piers Plowman", could feel pity for "God's minstrels", and who believed that "under his secret seal their sins were covered". It was such commiseration that diverted to its present use the hospital whose name has for ever been associated with the care and cure of the irrational. Founded more than six hundred years ago, Bethlehem Hospital was originally a daughter house of the great monastery of St. Mary at Bethlehem. Since the day when the plot of ground now covered by the three stations of Liverpool Street was proffered by pious hands to the service of God, the priory has suffered many vicissitudes and has had no mean share in the making of history. A century after its foundation it took possession of a site in Trafalgar Square, and here began the work among "distraught and lunatike people". The author has collected some interesting evidence in support of Stow—that at some time towards the end of the fourteenth century one of our kings caused the inmates to be moved from this Stone House at Charing Cross, "not liking such a kind of people to remaine so neare his pallace". More than once the Hospital was seized as an Alien Priory. In 1547, after a stiff fight, the City of London managed to preserve this property from the consequences of Tudor greed. "By

a deed of covenant between King and citizens the latter secured the custody and patronage of what had been their own property for two centuries. Later, in a campaign directed against "concealed lands"—land which had so far eluded the grasp of Henry or Edward—the Governors lost less than half their possessions in Charing Cross.

Bethlehem escaped the great fire, but by the middle of the seventeenth century the old hospital was too decayed and inadequate to serve, and in 1675 Robert Hooke began to build Bethlehem the Second on the City moat at the edge of Moorfields. It has been said that the new house was modelled upon the plan of the Tuileries, and that Louis XIV. showed but poor appreciation of the compliment. Evelyn thought highly of it, and within six weeks of its opening a topical poet had sung the praises of "Bethlehem's Beauty, London's Charity, and the City's Glory: A Panegyric Poem on that Magnificent Structure lately erected in Moorfields, vulgarly called New Bedlam". Here poor Nathaniel Lee composed extravagant plays. Here, too, James Carcase received his guests of quality and rallied the Duchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwyn on the favours of Charles II. For a long time—until the close of the eighteenth century—a notorious publicity was given to the Hospital. On visiting days the crowd pressed in to make sport of the patients, and an hour or two at Bedlam was a diversion as agreeable to the beau as a hanging at Newgate or a cock-fight in Birdcage Walk. In Anne's days Ned Ward wrote of Bethlehem that "it is a hospital for the sick, a promenade of rogues, and a dry walk for loiterers". Protests were lodged against the revolting exhibition, and after a century of unfruitful agitation, the friends of decency prevailed. The author has some good gossip about the wards at Bedlam. There are possibilities in the story of Dr. Johnson's sympathetic interview with the Jacobite patient who kept "banging his straw under the delusion that he was chastising the Duke of Cumberland". The house at Moorfields did not stand long. The foundations were at fault, but the crumbling walls continued to give shelter for the first fifteen years of the last century. Some tedious negotiations resulted in a simple exchange of land, and in 1815 the present building in St. George's Fields was completed.

Mr. O'Donoghue has made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of old London. His connection with Bethlehem Hospital has enabled him to write its story with an intimacy which other historians could scarcely claim. He has raised not the walls of old Bedlam alone, but much that lay outside them.

#### LATEST BOOKS.

"Robert Bridges." By F. E. Brett Young. Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

This is the best book of criticism we have opened for a long time. Mr. Brett Young has a just enthusiasm for the poetry of Dr. Bridges; and though this enthusiasm induces Mr. Young to dwell a little too seriously upon some aspects of Dr. Bridges' undoubted genius, it is in most of these pages ably justified. Mr. Young finds Dr. Bridges most surely expressed in his poems of the English country. With sure tact of language and a keen sense of rhythm and epithet, Mr. Young runs through some of the loveliest lines in a modern poet:—

"In patient russet is his forest spread,  
All bright with bramble red,  
With beechen moss  
And holly shewn; the oak silver and stark  
Sunneth his aged bark  
And wrinkled bass.

This is a random picture from a score of literary etchings, faithful, sure in their music, true in the apt and fitted word. Mr. Young dwells a good deal, but not too much, upon the fine metrical sense of Dr. Bridges. He does not, of course, imply that Dr. Bridges writes by rule, that he is a conscious prosodist, a painful carpenter of rhyme and rhythm. Dr. Bridges's exquisite gift is always free and natural; but it is a fascinating and legitimate critical enterprise to pick from the finished song its metrical secret. Mr. Young, who has ideas of his own concerning English metre, is good enough critic to do this without once committing himself to the fallacy that the poet is necessarily conscious of the hidden rules whereby his ear is fulfilled.

"Maurice Maeterlinck." By Una Taylor. Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Taylor's study of M. Maeterlinck falls away from the excellence of the series to which it belongs. We expect more from a critical study than monotonous praise interspersed with a free paraphrase of her subject in manner and substance. We are afraid Miss Taylor is among those admirers of M. Maeterlinck who have done him grievous harm with those whose appreciation he would really value. M. Maeterlinck is an able man of letters who has written some elegant and felicitous essays, and has won a merited place in our modern theatre. His reflections are a welcome and a pleasant anodyne for those who are in the mood for a mental holiday; who require to play charmingly and restfully with ideas too big to be very closely handled by any but the greatest and profoundest thinkers; who are content to be pleased with the very distinct and personal manner of an able craftsman. But to treat our delightful essayist of the Bee as if he were for ever deeply plunged in thought and philosophy is an act of literary folly and injustice. When Miss Taylor tells us that M. Maeterlinck has "raised the standard of the Unseen" we simply regret that we have not sooner discarded her book. Almost it makes one shy of admiring M. Maeterlinck at all.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

##### BIOGRAPHY.

- The Memoirs of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford. 2 Vols. Macmillan. 30s. net each.  
Life and Genius of Ariosto (J. Shield Nicholson). Macmillan. 3s. net.  
The Life of Catharine the Great of Russia (E. A. B. Hodgetts). 16s. net; Abraham Lincoln (Rose Strunsky). 7s. 6d. net. Methuen.  
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Unfortunately it does not appear to be possible to make things softer, unless the State be prepared to pay the whole or a part of all war premiums now being charged. The "extras" demanded by the companies will probably not suffice to meet the many claims certain to arise should peace fail to be declared before the end of the coming spring. Necessarily the duration of the present war—of any war, indeed—is a matter for conjecture, but a consensus of expert opinions certainly favours the assumption that the military and naval operations in which the nation is to-day engaged will not only prove most costly in valuable lives, but will also extend over many months. It is not indeed expected that the rates quoted combatants will prove sufficient, as they have been more or less based on the experience gained in former wars, which were fought under widely different conditions, and with less destructive weapons.

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